

# *The* AMERICAN GIRL

*March*  
1951 · 20¢





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# The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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NUMBER 3

EYES RIGHT!

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# A Girl Called Hank

by AMELIA ELIZABETH WALDEN

An exciting serial begins with the conflict between a high school basketball star and a boy reporter

## PART I

HANK BAXTER BOUNCED the basketball twice, held it lightly between her fingertips, and then released it in a clean, open chest shot. The ball swished through the basket and she ran to catch it. Eluding an imaginary guard, six feet tall, she dribbled the ball halfway down the court. Another imaginary guard, shorter than the first but twice as tough, darted out to meet her. Hank feinted, pivoted to the left, and let go a hook shot that plopped neatly into the basket. She caught the ball and bounced it with evident satisfaction, as the imaginary roars from stands full of Brighthaven rooters echoed in her ears.

The applause that interrupted the cheers and whistles of her daydream was not the least bit imaginary. She wheeled around to face a tall, good-looking boy with lively brown eyes.

"Hello," he said. "I knocked, but you didn't hear me. Your mother told me to come right out here and make myself at home."

Hank was not sure she liked his suave, easy manner. When Gregory Sutherland had telephoned that morning to ask if he might write her up, as captain of the basketball team, for his column in "The Brighthaven Enterprise," she had decided upon a frosty, formal reception for him, to match his own reputation for being a bit high-hat at school. Now he had come to the Baxter barn earlier than planned, caught her off guard, and spoiled everything.

"You handle that ball like a man," he complimented her affably.

She sank three effortless hook shots from way out on the floor before she answered, "I should. My four brothers put the ball into my hands as soon as I could hold it."

With the ball in her hands, Hank wheeled to face a tall, good-looking boy with smiling, brown eyes

Illustrated by  
Ardis Hughes



"That probably accounts for your formidable reputation as a basketball player."

There was that aggravating poise again. He sauntered around the barn, admiring the ingenuity with which it had been transformed into a recreation hall with a complete basketball court. Thawing a little at his interest, Hank showed him the kitchen, pointed out the balcony with its powder room, and told him about the fun they had here Saturday nights, when her brothers were home from college and their jobs and almost half the town turned out for the Baxter barn dances.

"Now let's talk about you and basketball," he said. "Expect your team to win the championship again this year?"

"We have fine material. If everything

goes all right, we ought to. This will be our fourth year straight. And we're sure out to try."

"If everything goes all right, you say. What are the things that can go wrong?"

"Players get banged up. Anyway, girls take their sports differently from men. All sorts of outside preoccupations make a girl's game good or bad. Family relationships, school grades, boy friends."

"Then you are not worried about having a new physical education teacher and basketball coach?"

Hank glanced quickly at him, the way you will at a person who has put his finger upon the very thing in your mind. All the girls had loved Miss Selleck, who had been basketball coach for the last twelve years. Hank had taken it as a personal loss when Miss Selleck married and resigned just before Christmas vacation, leaving Hank to captain the team during her senior year without her beloved coach's inspiring help. This new teacher was coming all the way from California, and Hank dreaded going back to school the day after tomorrow and finding a strange woman in the physical education office.

But she answered Greg Sutherland cautiously. "I believe every girl who goes in for sports will co-operate with our new coach."

"You've heard who she is, I suppose. You know she's Margaret Dorn?"

"Yes, I know. My father's on the Board of Education."

"But do you know that Maggie Dorn, as she was called in Cali-

fornia, was an amateur tennis champion of that State a few years back? My father taught in a university out there and we used to follow the matches." Hank knew that Greg's father had been a college professor, but she had not heard about Maggie Dorn's prowess on the tennis court. "Maggie Dorn was terrific," Greg continued. "Everyone expected her to be the next national champion."

"Well, then, what's she doing teaching athletics in a New England town?"

"During a game, she injured the ligaments in two of her fingers. Her right hand was badly crippled."

"That's tough," Hank said. She looked down at her own strong, right hand. "I'd hate to have that happen to me."

"It was tough. But I understand Miss Dorn doesn't take kindly to sympathy." He changed the subject. "I'd like a few personal items for my interview, please. Tell me about your brothers."

She told him. About Russ, who was in charge of personnel at Townly Engineering Plant, and turned out the best industrial basketball team in the State; and Orin, who taught physical ed at Brampton and had coached the State champions for three years; and Addie and Chet, still at college, where they were the stars of the basketball team. Then, aghast that her family pride might sound egotistical, she fell silent.

"Tell me about yourself, now," he prodded her. "What do you plan to do after High? I understand you're taking the business course."

"Right," she answered tersely. "I expect to run my father's lumber business."



"You do? But I should think your four brothers would do that!"

"They can't stand the business. I'm crazy about it." She said it with an air of finality that warned him not to probe further. If she wanted to run her father's business, she didn't have to make excuses for it to Greg Sutherland.

His next remark irritated her even more. "I suppose that's why you call yourself Hank," he told her in that smooth way of his. "Because you think it will help you to be a better businessman."

She flared up. "That's not the reason at all. Although Hank is not my real name, it's the only one I've ever gone by."

His smile was friendly and interested. "You've aroused my curiosity. If I promise not to publish the story, will you tell it to me?"

She grinned at him. He could be as charming as he could be annoying, and to her amazement she began to feel sorry she had snapped him up a moment ago. She believed he could be trusted with the story, because, even if he did have a reputation for aloofness, he was known not to gossip.

"It's a deal," she was surprised to hear herself saying. "But remember your promise. I'd die if the story got out. You see, everyone thought I'd be a boy—make a complete basketball five for the family. I was to be called Henry MacNeill Baxter, after my Scotch grandfather."

"So they named you Henry, anyway?"

Hank shook her head. "No, they named me Henrietta. Awful, isn't it? I'm told my brothers stood around my crib

and clenched their fists and swore they'd never call me by that dreadful name. Orin finally spoke up and said I would have been called Hank if I had been a boy, and as far as he was concerned I'd always be Hank. I've been Hank to everyone ever since. I had a teacher in the third grade who objected, but the Baxters were too strong-willed for her."

His laugh was so warm and understanding that Hank found the last of her irritation fading. When he said he would have to be running along, she walked with him to the door.

"I kind of like Hank for you," he told her. "It just fits you."

Maybe, she thought, Greg Sutherland isn't as high-hat as he's cracked up to be.

He nodded at the streamers hung from the ceiling and the huge Happy New Year sign that was stretched across the balcony. "Baxters must be having a New Year's Eve celebration in the barn tonight. I'll bet you have some mighty good times here." He sounded almost wistful, as if he hoped she would invite him to join the party.

"Well," he went on, "thanks anyway for the interview. I think we'll get a good article from what you gave me." He opened the door, but turned back to speak to her. "Not that you need this advice," he said, "but I understand it's wise to treat Maggie Dorn with kid gloves. They say she hasn't been easy to get along with since her accident." He called, "Happy New Year!" and went on out to his car.

Hank closed the door behind him and picked up the basketball, but she didn't

feel much like shooting. Greg Sutherland's warning hung over the whole Baxter barn like a sullen cloud. So Maggie Dorn was going to be hard to get along with.

"Happy New Year! my eye!" she exclaimed, and threw the ball behind the benches in disgust.

HANK ALWAYS had loved going back to school after Christmas vacation. She loved the cold, bright world of winter with its blinding sunlight and frozen, crusty snow. But more than this, she loved January because it meant the beginning of the basketball season.

This year, as she stood in the locker room, trying to recall what subjects she had today, and feeling as if she had been away two years instead of two weeks, her jubilation was shot through with a somber note of uneasiness. Would Miss Dorn really be as bad as Greg Sutherland had hinted?

She listened to the greetings buzz around her, the exchange of gossip that had accumulated over the vacation, the talk about Christmas gifts and parties, but she was too worried about Miss Dorn to take part in it. Then someone slapped her on the back and shouted, "Happy New Year, Hank!"

It was her best friend and lockermate, Carol York. Hank noted with satisfaction the bright eyes and pink cheeks of the healthy girl standing before her. She recalled how different Carol had looked just three years ago today, when she came here from a girls' boarding school. Various rumors (*Continued on page 34*)

Hank watched with dismay. Never in her life had she seen such poor basketball







Maurice Seymour

#### RUTHANNA BORIS (With Leon Danielian)

From the time she was very little, Ruthanna Boris was determined to be a ballerina. When ten years old she went to the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School in New York City, at first taking classes three times a week, then every day. For years she worked hard and studied at several schools. One day Ruthanna was stunned when a teacher said to her impatiently, "You'll never be a ballerina!" In tears she asked Muriel Stewart, a friend and teacher at the School of American Ballet, if this could be true. She was told, "Darling, if you want to be a ballerina you can." Ruthanna did want to and worked so hard that she became a ballerina and a choreographer



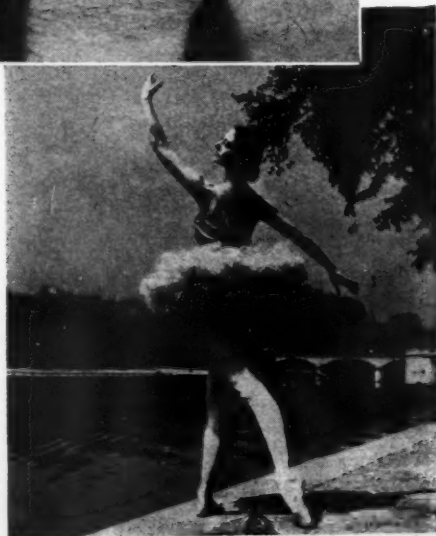
Maurice Seymour

#### ALEXANDRA DANILOVA, Prima Ballerina

When she began studying at the Imperial Ballet School in St. Petersburg at eight and a half years of age, it took a threat of expulsion from school to make Alexandra Danilova concentrate on her work. The next year, with a walk-on part in the opera Faust, she was nervous and kept bumping into people. After years of study, she became a ballerina. She danced all over the world with famous ballet companies, often before kings and queens. Now she is a prima ballerina with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Hard work and concentration went into the many years that developed the nervous child into a world-famous prima ballerina

#### MARY ELLEN MOYLAN

Little Mary Ellen Moylan was practicing in her own "special" practice place in the big living room of their house in St. Petersburg, Florida, while her mother played the piano. All the neighborhood children pressed their noses against the window to watch. The middle of the floor was cleared and the space was never waxed, because it was reserved for Mary Ellen's use. In addition to her two lessons a week, Mary Ellen worked constantly at home, encouraged and helped by her mother. For more intensive training, Mary Ellen went to New York to study. At sixteen she danced with the New York Opera Company. Later she danced as a soloist with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, and soon became one of the youngest dancers in the company with the rank of ballerina



Edo, Paris



# Ballet... yesterday and today

by NANCY DRAPER and MARGARET F. ATKINSON

## How ballet began, and how it has changed through more than four centuries

**I**F YOU ARE INVITED to a ballet, you can picture what you are going to see at the theater—colorful stage settings, beautiful costumes, ladies dancing and whirling on the points of their toes, and men leaping and turning in the air.

If you had lived in Italy four hundred years ago, you might have been invited to a performance of a ballet at a nobleman's palace. You would have been surprised to see that there were no women dancing! Only men were allowed to dance in the ballets. They wore boots, tight-fitting trousers, doublets, large plumed headdresses, and masks covering their faces. The men danced slowly and sedately in rows to simple music played on reeds and pipes. The friend who had invited you to the palace might have been Catherine de' Medici, the young daughter of an Italian nobleman. Catherine later became engaged to Henri, a French prince. When she was still very young, she married him and went to live at the French court in Paris.

When Catherine was older and became queen of France, she was a very powerful and commanding woman. She missed the ballet that she had loved in her own country, and ordered the dancers to come from Italy to dance at her court in Paris. Just because of the whim of this woman, ballets were brought to France.

For the next two hundred years the French were the greatest ballet dancers and ballet teachers in the world.

The ballets in Catherine's court in France would seem tiresome to us because there was little variety in the dance steps, and often one of the dancers stopped dancing to act out the story.

Long after Catherine died, the rich and great King Louis XIV, whose word was law, insisted on dancing the leading roles in some of the ballets. When Louis became too fat and old to dance, he established the Royal Academy of Dancing and Music, the first school of dancing in France. Louis allowed women to study dancing at the Academy so that they, too, could dance in the ballets in his court. These Royal Academy dancers also performed in public theaters, where for the first time people who were never invited to the palace could see the ballets.

Since French customs, language, and arts were greatly admired in other countries, French ballet masters were invited everywhere to teach dancing. These Frenchmen taught in their own language, no matter what country they were in, and French became (and still is) the language for ballet. The steps that were taught in those days would seem easy to us for they were much simpler than they are now, and the movements were prim because the ladies were heavily corseted

and could not move easily in their bulky, floor-length dresses.

Unfortunately for Louis, who loved the ballet, he died before he was able to see one of the first great French ballerinas, Marie Camargo, dance in her daring new costume. This ballerina, who first danced in 1721, had the boldness to cut the skirt of her dress a few inches shorter so that she could dance more swiftly and show off her beautiful ankles. It is said that this startling lady also removed the heels from her shoes in order to dance with more liveliness. Later, other dancers copied the length of her dresses and wore heelless slippers. In these shorter dresses and heelless slippers the dancers could learn new steps, jumps, and turns, and it is believed that they began to use two of the basic ballet positions that we learn now—first and fifth.

When Camargo grew older, perhaps she dreamed that a day might come when ballerinas would dance on the points of their toes. That day did come, but many years too late for Camargo. She would have been about one hundred years old when Marie Taglioni, the first great ballerina to dance perfectly on her toes, was born in Sweden in 1804.

Marie Taglioni's father, a famous Italian dancer, took Marie to Paris when she was a little girl to study ballet at the great French Academy. Marie's father was very strict and made her perfect everything she learned until she was able to dance beautifully on the points of her toes. A graceful, long, white, bell-shaped tulle skirt, called the tutu, was especially designed for Taglioni's dainty figure. Choreographers created ballets just for her—fantasies about flowers dancing in the meadows, or sylphs dancing in the glades. She jumped so high and was able to balance so perfectly on the points of her toes that she really appeared to be a fairy floating through the air.

Men have never learned to dance on their toes because their special role in ballet is to show great strength, in contrast to the ladies' delicate dancing. The men are trained to make extraordinary leaps and many turns and to lift the ladies high in the air and support them in their difficult balanced poses.

The fantasy ballets created in Taglioni's time are called "romantic" or "white" ballets. Long white tutus were worn in these ballets, and the dancing was dainty and the posing exaggerated. Some of the first romantic ballets that were created (Continued on page 29)

(From the book, "Ballet for Beginners," published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)

Alfredo Valente



### JANET REED

In the little town of Medford, Oregon, Janet Reed took ballet lessons twice a week. For several years, until she saw a "one-night stand" of a visiting ballet company, Janet wanted to dance in musical comedies. From then on she wanted to be a ballerina. She realized that she must work harder, and, being a clever girl, she was able to do some secretarial work at the dancing school in exchange for daily classes. With her talent and hard work she became an outstanding dancer with the San Francisco Opera Ballet Company; later she earned her rank as a ballerina and is now with the New York City Ballet Company. Petite, energetic, ballerina Janet Reed also finds time to do an excellent job of raising her son, and to be a gracious hostess and homemaker for her husband



mirror in the house where you can see yourself below the collarbone is in the front hall, and you have to stand on the stairs to get the full effect.

I had just decided that if I half shut my eyes and squinted I could pretend the coat was mink, when Mrs. Thornton's voice boomed out at me.

"Good morning, Elizabeth." She's the only person who ever calls me Elizabeth. She came closer to peer at me through her pinch-on glasses. Mrs. Thornton reminds me of a label on a tomato can—"Solid Pack." Her face is pink and round with a straight mouth, sniffy nose, and eyes like hard, blue beads. She always wears tight black dresses and pearls.

the purse strings in a death grip. There is a proposition up before the committee now to raise Father's salary, and it has taken a whole year for the other members to convince Mrs. Thornton that it's a good idea. I've even heard her say, "Money is a sordid thing." But she can afford to talk in that addleheaded way. To the Marlings the raise would mean all the difference between hanging over the cliff of poverty with your fingernails and getting a good grip with your hands.

Anyway, on this particular Saturday morning Mrs. Thornton badgered Father for a good hour before she took herself off, firing a parting blast about the "spoiled youth of today" as she went.

## Coat of Controversy

by ELIZABETH LANSING

Illustrated by Sylvia Haggander

**Aged, moth-eaten, it was the reason Libba almost wrecked the family fortune**

I WAS STANDING halfway up the stairs one Saturday morning when Mrs. Thornton bustled in the front door. There are many advantages to being a minister's daughter, but an intimate acquaintance with Amelia E. (for Evangeline) Thornton is not one of them. She is a widow and the richest member of Father's congregation, a situation that gives her the mistaken idea that it is up to her to run the church and the whole Marling family as well.

The reason I was halfway up the stairs needs explaining. A couple of years ago someone sent Mother a secondhand fur coat. Whoever it was must have been rightfully ashamed of it, because the package had no name on it. The coat was a good fifty years old at least, for it was made with a tight waist and funny brown buttons all up the front. Worst of all, it was practically worn down to the bare hide, and the fur that was left looked as though it had been used to polish furniture. Even Mother, who always makes the best of things, decided it was hopeless to try to repair it. She stuffed it into an old chest in the upper hall where we keep castoff things that Mother says may be useful someday. No one so much as gave it a second thought until that fateful Saturday when I found it as I was rummaging in the chest for an old pair of dungarees that I had mislaid. The coat had not been improved by lying in that chest, for a whole colony of moths had decided to take up housekeeping in it, and a regular cloud of them floated around my ears when I took the coat out. But I flapped them away and put the coat on just to see what Libba Marling looked like in fur, no matter how ratty. That's why I was on the stairs. The only

"What's that you're wearing?" she asked. She's awfully shortsighted, and our front hall is dimly lighted even on the sunniest days.

It was strictly mortifying to be caught in that old rag, and there is something about Mrs. Thornton that always makes me say and do the wrong thing. I was horrified to hear myself say, "My new mink coat, Mrs. Thornton." Then I turned and fled upstairs.

Mrs. Thornton frowned and tut-tutted. When she marched into Father's study, I stopped and leaned over the bannister to listen.

"Dr. Marling, what's this nonsense about Elizabeth's mink coat?" she demanded.

I heard Father gasp and knew Mrs. Thornton had jogged him out of one of his deepest fogs. Father's a lamb, but he is the world's wooliest character. You literally have to shake him down to earth if you want to get any sense out of him, especially on Saturday morning when he's polishing his sermon. Before he could descend from his clouds of thought, Mrs. Thornton romped on.

"In my day," she announced, "girls of fourteen didn't wear mink."

"Mink? Mink?" I could hear poor Father muttering his way out of his fog. "What are you talking about, Mrs. Thornton?"

Mrs. Thornton snorted, and I guess she decided there wasn't much use in pursuing the subject of mink coats with anyone like Father. She switched to the Mission Society and from there she got into church finances, which is something that interests anybody by the name of Marling. Mrs. Thornton is head of the church finance committee and clutches

Before I go any further I suppose I ought to introduce the Marling family. All the books I've ever read sort of slip the characters into the story gracefully and describe their surroundings with masterful ease. All I can do is say, "Here we are; all five of us." First there's Father, and he's hard to describe because he's just about perfect and you can't describe perfection. He's tall and awfully thin—probably because he never remembers to come to meals unless Mother practically drags him to the table. His face is narrow, rather pale and poetic-looking, and his eyes have a way of looking off into the distance as though seeing something no one else knows is there. He's so gentle; he never scolds us, not even the time Jud spilled ink all over the new copy of "Plato's Republic." Father had saved up to buy. Father just looked sad, and Mother got most of the ink off with ink eradicator.

Father is the minister of the Community Church of Pemberley, Connecticut. All his parishioners love him and come to him for advice. He talks to them in his gentle way and quotes from the Bible and Aristotle. When they come out of the study looking sort of bewildered, Mother greets them in the hall. She's heard enough of their troubles to know whether it's the soup or clothes they need. Whichever it is, they get it, so people go away thinking they've received very good advice from Father.

Mother is sort of short and plump in a comfortable way. Father calls her Jenny Wren sometimes, and that's what she's like really—always bustling around doing things for people. She's constantly tussling with grocery bills, school clothes, and other dismal things, but she stays

cheerful. Father says she's like the man in Boswell's "Life of Johnson"—a book I haven't read but plan to some day—who said he couldn't be a philosopher because cheerfulness kept breaking in.

My sister Jane is the flower of the Marling family. She's almost nineteen, and she has inherited Father's slimness and Mother's perfect features along with masses of really golden hair. Sometimes I think I don't know Jane very well; she's so quiet and I know she writes poetry. It's all about love and loneliness of spirit, because sometimes she leaves a poem around before hiding it in her bureau drawer. Jane has a job in the office of John H. Richmond, attorney-at-law. She's

his secretary, even though she can't spell. But Mr. Richmond is a patient man, and I'm sure he's in love with Jane. I've seen him staring at her sometimes practically goggle-eyed with admiration. Of course he's quite old, almost thirty, but good-looking in a tanned, square-faced way.

The less said about Jud the better. He's my brother, so I can't say just what I think of him and preserve any sort of family loyalty. To put it bluntly, he's twelve. Of course, being a boy, he has curly blond hair and an expression of angelic innocence which is deceiving to those who don't know him. If I didn't know what his real name was, my life would be unbearable. Father named Jud

after a famous missionary, Adoniram Judson, who was a very fine man, I'm sure, in spite of his name. But Jud hates it, and he has made all the family promise never to mention it. But, whenever Jud gets out of hand, all I have to do is say "Adoniram" in majestic tones, and Jud is under control for a time at least.

It's best to get any description of Elizabeth Caroline Marling, Libba for short, over with quickly. Potato-colored hair, straight. Blue eyes, round. Nose, a deplorable pug. Mouth, nondescript. Figure, thin but definitely not willowy. That's about it and a discouraging picture, too.

(Continued on page 46)

The coat looked almost alive, like an old flea-bitten dog crouching there





# WINGIE'S CITY

by MADELEINE N. MYERS

Anything can happen in exciting New York.  
Would there be a special niche for Wingie?

GAIL WINGATE—Wingie, for short—leaned on the window sill and sketched the hurdy-gurdy man standing in the street below. She giggled softly; the man and his monkey were so amusing, his music so squeaky yet merry; and she, herself, was so happy today. After all, a blind date could be the turning point in a girl's life, and it was about time something turned into fun for her in this exciting but unfamiliar New York City—a city so bustling that a shy newcomer might easily feel bewildered.

But now, Wingie told herself, in a few minutes she would dash off to meet her new friends from art school, Meg and Tom, and the tall, dark, and handsome unknown. They would have chop suey, first, then go to a movie, and perhaps, later, back home for hot chocolate and dancing to the radio.

Wingie leaned farther out the window, humming happily. Inside, the telephone rang. Her heart stood still a second with an unaccountable apprehension. Nothing must spoil this date.

"I'll answer," Connie called gayly, and Wingie smiled, thinking that not even a

sprained ankle could keep her young sister in the dumps. The phone call was probably for Connie, anyway. Connie was two years younger than seventeen-year-old Wingie, but already she had fitted into the new life with a variety of friends and interests.

After today, Wingie promised herself, she would catch up with Connie, socially, at least. Oh, lucky day! Even the weather was on her side. The midmorning air smelled of window-box hyacinth, pavement tar, and camphor from the storage closet. It was spring all right! With romance in the offing.

She gathered together her sketches, glancing at them indifferently. Lively, amusing little views of the street, they were, with an attempt to catch the flavor of its kaleidoscopic activity. There were the high steps opposite and the vegetable shop near Lexington Avenue with the roof tops beyond, cluttered with sooty chimneys and wind-puffed laundry. There were the awkward little girl on roller skates and the milk wagon and horse smack up against the modern self-digesting garbage truck.

Wingie put her drawings haphazardly beside her father's portfolio and looked at herself in the big mirror above his desk. The sun made rainbows on his jars of show-card colors, put gilt streaks in Wingie's page-boy bob, and polished her turned-up nose.

She thought that her organdy cuffs looked as perky as a ballet dancer's ruffles. She was pleased, too, that her eyes were gray and that she had a fanciful nickname, one that always led to conversation.

She wished, at that minute, that someone would tell her that she looked as nice as she thought she did. But today, of all days, Mom and Dad were away, and Connie would probably be glued to the telephone for the rest of the morning. How she and that giggler, Jill, could discuss moths and cocoons hour after hour was a mystery to Wingie.

Suddenly, there beside her in the mirror, she saw Connie's brown eyes and wide-smiling mouth.

"That phone call was something," Connie said. "Guess who?"

"Princess Elizabeth?" Wingie hazarded,

Illustrated by Fred Irvin





and liking the absurdity, she embellished it. "Asking you what a tiger moth does on Sunday, perhaps?"

"Wingie! Be serious. That phone call was important. It might very well change our entire lives, starting right now."

Wingie swung around with real interest. She was in no mood for immediate change, and something in her sister's voice and smile foretold upheaval. An involuntary misgiving gripped her again.

"What, then, if it's not something about your old moths?" she asked.

"Business for Dad," Connie said, "and goodness knows, ever since he made this risky move to the city he has needed some more business."

Wingie sighed with relief. Connie's answer exempted her from any deviation in her plans. "Well, who phoned and why?"

"Mr. Sand, from Sand & Sand, if you please."

"Oh?" Wingie raised one smooth eyebrow. "Almost royalty, at that. The scarf and handkerchief king."

Connie giggled. "Definitely. Believe it or not, Mr. Sand actually asked to see Dad's scarf designs. If Dad could only sell some of his ideas to him, it would mean profit, publicity, and even fame. They're the most exclusive scarf manufacturers in the country."

"Yes, and the most high-hat." Wingie remembered the day Dad's war-wounded arm was so bad that she had taken some

of his designs downtown for him. "There's a new buyer there who gave me such a cold shoulder once that I promised myself I'd never go near Sand & Sand again."

"Wingie, don't say that!" The alarm in Connie's voice hammered a warning to Wingie. "Because," Connie said, "I promised Mr. Sand you'd take Dad's portfolio down there. If it weren't for my foot, I'd go."

Wingie gasped. So that was the danger signal she had sensed when the phone rang. Her next words were cross and husky. "How *can* you go and arrange things without consulting me?"

"Things just arranged themselves. Just now, when Dad and Mums are in the country trying to sell our old home, we can't let them down, can we?"

Wingie bit her lips. Why did she have to be saddled with obligations today of all days? "You've ruined my date," she wailed, seeing her glittering day smashed like a Christmas ball.

Connie looked up, surprised. "You'll probably be able to keep your date later. Wingie, don't look so tragic. What's a date more or less, anyway? Especially with those corny kids who don't care about anything that's really interesting."

"I suppose you wouldn't know," Wingie said slowly, fighting her disappointment. Connie wouldn't understand. Connie, who always rushed headlong and happily into any situation, wouldn't

realize how lonely Wingie had been ever since the family moved to New York.

She stood still, scowling, and watched her sister hobble over to Dad's desk.

"I'll get Dad's best designs ready," Connie said, shoving Wingie's sketches aside. "These street scenes of yours are cute, Wingie," she added as she began to rummage through her father's portfolio. "You're so imaginative and funny."

"Thanks," Wingie sighed. She would swap her humor and originality in a jiffy for Connie's adventuresome spirit and gay readiness to shoulder responsibility.

"Phone that Meg you have the date with, Wingie," Connie was saying. "You'd better hurry, because that Sand's man won't look at samples after twelve o'clock."

"Capitalistic dictator," Wingie snapped, but she went to the telephone in the other room.

As she dialed the number with vicious digs, thinking how much she hated this whole business, she could hear Connie chattering away.

"Dad once said that Sand & Sand don't like designs that are modern and—and—flamboyant; so I'll choose only his most conservative. Wingie, do you suppose they'll be more interested in florals or geometrics? Should I put in some handkerchief drawings along with the scarves?"

But by now, (Continued on page 24)

The magic city was alive, colorful, noisy with the coming and going of people and cars





## The Dance Fiction Award

De-de thought back. It seemed years since, two days ago, Sally had asked her to go to the formal. At the time it had seemed the most wonderful thing that could happen. Now she wasn't sure. All evening De-de had sat watching the other couples dancing. At least they were having a good time. Sally had immediately become a big success and danced every dance. And here De-de was—miserable, unhappy, and on the verge of tears. Here comes a boy in my direction. Maybe . . . she thought hopefully. But he walked by with not so much as a smile. Not that she'd really thought he'd ask her. She had known, inside, that he wouldn't. But there was always that slight hope. De-de thought about the whole horrible evening. Out of at least ten dances, she had danced one. She tried to think what was the matter with her. At home she was popular, and she wasn't really unattractive. She glanced nervously at her watch. Good. It was eleven o'clock. Dad would come at quarter past, so she got up and walked to the ladies' room to get her coat. Then she walked back again and out into the cool night air. It was nice to get out of that stuffy room, away from that feeling that no one wanted to dance with her. There was Dad now. She pushed a smile onto her face and quickened her step. Her father smiled and asked, "Have a good time?" De-de replied lightly, "Oh, yes! Wonderful."

GAIL SMYTHE (age 14) Mattapoisett, Mass.

## Song of Seasons First Poetry Award

*The melody of Spring is soft and still;  
The voice of the robin, the gentle breeze's  
sigh,*

*The whisper of the meadow  
Where the rush-filled rivers lie.*

*The song of Summer brings a richer  
sound*

*Of south winds in the night and laughing  
streams,*

*The dance of shadows in gypsy camps  
Where tawny firelight gleams.*

*Summer dies with Autumn's serenade,  
And harvest moon is rising o'er the trees,  
Grain fields, once golden 'neath the sun,  
Shine in its light like luminous silver seas.*

*The voice of Winter sounds throughout  
the land.*

*Gone are Summer's warmth and Autumn's  
fire.*

*The wind plays in limbs of barren trees  
Like phantom fingers on a muted lyre.  
The swirling snow falls white on distant  
climes,*

*The tinkling ice, like oriental chimes . . .*

*When birds swift-winging to the South  
have flown,*

*Do not mourn for Summer's golden  
strain*

*Nor heed the loss of Autumn's bright  
refrain,*

*For Winter has a music all its own.*

JEAN CROSBY (age 16) Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

## A Pioneer Girl's Diary First Fiction Award

My name is Prudence Allen and I'm twelve years old. In a few days I am going to journey to the western part of New York State with my family, so I have decided to keep a journal of my travels.

January 4, 1799:

Tomorrow we start on our journey west. Since we must travel on a very rough and muddy road, we have to start when the ground is frozen. Last summer Father went out to the West and purchased a small section of land from the Holland Land Company in Batavia.

It will take many days to reach our destination. Mother, Father, John (my brother, who is nine), and I have been working hard the last few months making preparations for the journey. Father has been gathering all the seeds we will need and John has been labeling them. John has also been helping Father work on the few farm tools we are taking with us. I have been helping Mother knit stockings, sew clothing for us, and make quilts for the house. We also baked bread and beans, and packed foods that will not perish. Guns and gunpowder have been packed and a very few dishes and spoons. We decided to take our cow, Buttercup, five hens and a rooster. All these things have been packed in our oxcart.

January 5, 1799:

It was a cold, snowy day that we began our journey west. All our friends came to bid us good-by. We traveled all day along the Mohawk River and at six o'clock, we made camp. We could not make a fire as it was snowing very hard.

January 6, 1799:

This morning it was clear and cold. A



Art Award

NANCY ANN PEARSON (age 13) Chicago, Ill.



Art Award

LYNN WOOD (age 15) Gooding, Idaho

good day to travel on. In the afternoon we reached Whitesboro. From then on we had nothing to follow except a pair of wavering wheel tracks. Often Father had to stop and remove logs and stumps from the road. We camped early by a swamp partly frozen over. John and Father spent some time making a bridge of logs to cross it.

January 7, 1799:

This morning it was cool and clear like yesterday. The swamp was apparently frozen over. Around the edge it was strong enough to hold our oxcart. But we took over our planks anyhow. And halfway over, the back wheel broke through the ice. The cart tilted so that I was thrown out of the wagon onto the ice. The ice broke and I disappeared in the icy cold water. My father thrust a log at me, and the second time I came up I grasped it. I was brought in, dripping wet and very cold. With the help of the planks we made it across to the other side. Father built a fire and Mother made some cambric tea. Then I changed my clothes and we were on our way. We stopped at dusk, without any more mishaps.

January 8, 1799:

Today we met a group of Indians going to another camp. A mile later, John discovered that his pet hen was missing and promptly put the blame on the Indians. Father says that tomorrow we will cross the Genesee River. Our journey is almost over.

January 10, 1799:

At last we have reached our destination! It was dark when we reached Mr. Grant's house. He is going to be our next-door neighbor. Back East, Mr. Grant's house would be called a shack or shanty. The house is built of logs, with door of rough planks and floor of hard-packed earth. The roof is of elm bark. The furniture is made of split logs set upon legs. The dishes are made mostly of wood.

January 17, 1799:

Father and Mr. Grant will start building our house tomorrow. Until it is done we will live in Mr. Grant's house. The stumps left from the trees Father has cut down are going to be burned and sold for potash to make lye. Mr. Grant says it will bring a good price.

June 4, 1805:

Today I came across this account of our trip from the East to here. Now I am eighteen years old. Next to the old log cabin my father built is a frame house with a fence around it. Around the house are fields of corn and pastures for a herd of cattle. My brother John has just graduated from the first school in our section. So, I will end my journal.

MARY ELIZABETH WHITTEN (age 12)  
Binghamton, N. Y.

#### HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Lorraine Sand (age 13) Oceanside, L. I., N. Y.  
Victoria Wenner (age 12) Kalamazoo, Mich.  
POETRY: Adelaide McClanahan (age 10) Shreveport, La.  
Barbara Beensstock (age 14) Great Neck, N. Y.  
FICTION: Sandra Watson (age 13) Scranton, Pa.  
NONFICTION: Kathleen Murray (age 14) Brighton, Tenn.

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 37 FOR  
DETAILS ABOUT "BY YOU"



First Art Award DONNA MARION (age 15) West Newbury, Mass.

#### Modern Dance

##### First Nonfiction Award

I am very interested in modern dance, and thought some other girls my age might like to know about it. I study Martha Graham dancing, which is based on life itself, or as we use it in movement, the exhaling and inhaling of the breath.

There are two main movements, or positions of the body. In the first, based on exhalation, the back is rounded, shoulders are forward, and the pelvis is swung under. Sometimes, in its more sophisticated forms, the back is straight, although the shoulders and pelvis remain the same as in the original movement. In the second, based on inhalation of the breath, theoretically the body is filled with new life from the air, the back is straight, the body lifted. These two basic movements, on which all Martha Graham dancing is based, are called contraction and release. The arms and legs move in coordination with the torso.

The techniques, or exercises, which every dancer must do to keep the body in condition, begin on the floor, then progress to standing in one place, and are last of all done in the air. The first exercise, designed to warm up the base of the spine, most delicate part of the body, is done sitting on the floor, knees bent, as close to the floor as possible, feet together. The head is "bounced," or touched to the feet eight times in rapid succession. The rest of the floor exercises are designed, as is this one, to warm up the body, and prepare it for other work. They are also meant to stretch and loosen up various muscles of the body. The first of the standing exercises is the *plié*, a preparation for jumps. It is merely a bending and straightening of the legs, but it is one of the most important exercises to all dancers. The exercises in the air are mostly done moving across the floor. They are various types of jumps, leaps, skips, and patterns. A pattern is a series of movements, anywhere from two or three to ten or eleven. It is actually a small dance.

The most beautiful thing in Graham technique is a series of exercises called "falls." They are exactly what their name denotes: different ways, both fast and slow, of literally falling down. They require a great deal of control to keep from getting hurt. When done properly, they are absolutely magnificent!

It is with all of these exercises that the body is prepared to do actual dances.

ELIZABETH MITCHELL (age 12)  
Washington, D. C.

#### The Unsung Hero

##### Fiction Award

Was it worth it? Does he dare attempt his task on such a night as this? Of course! He must not waver, but endure to the end!

Now to prepare. Laboriously he dons snowshoes. Wrapping a wool muffler around his neck, he struggles into his overcoat. Next he puts on ear muffs, then gloves, and at last pulls his hat down over his eyes. Yes, he is abandoning his cozy place by the fire for a greater cause.

As he opens the door, a sudden blast of wind strikes him full in the face. He staggers for a moment, but regains his balance and struggles onward into the storm. Bitter cold presses icy fingers hard against him. Snow blinds the man and stings his eyes, while the wind's raw edge, like a knife, cuts through him. But is he daunted? No! A brave and courageous man is he! Let the wind howl, the cold penetrate, and the snow beat against him! He presses onward, now stumbling, now regaining his balance; always searching, always seeking, undaunted.

What is this? Is the man mad? What strange ambition is causing this person such a desperate search on a night like this? Is our hero looking for some buried treasure?

Ah! There's a gleam in his eye. A sigh escapes his lips as he sees there—buried deep in the snow—the evening paper.

VIOLA ALICE VELT (age 17)  
Independence, Missouri

#### Horseback Riding

##### Nonfiction Award

I love to go horseback riding in the fall when there is a soft breeze to blow in my face, and the red leaves are falling all about me.

I love to go horseback riding on a summer evening when it is cool, and listen to the katydids and night birds sing.

I love to go horseback riding in the winter, to gallop as fast as the horse can go, to keep warm, and lift up my head for a refreshing look at the snow-covered hills.

I love, best of all, to go horseback riding in the spring, to discover the little flowers as they peek through the ground, to watch a stream thaw out after the cold winter, to gallop over a field covered with new grass, to feel once again the welcome warmth of the sun and the warm wind, and to see little animals come out of their winter homes and blink in the sunlight.

Yes, I love to go horseback riding.

IRENE MARIE BROWN (age 16) Houston, Missouri



# If You Wear Glasses

by GAIL McNEILL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRI JANSON

**S**ELECTING a becoming hair-do is a problem for every girl. For those of you who wear glasses it's a really super-duper problem.

Cheer up! The right glasses—with the right hair-dos—can work wonders for you, can seemingly change the very shape of your face. Victor Vito—New York hair stylist and author of the helpful new book, "Be Your Own Hair Stylist," which was reviewed in our January issue—gives you some valuable pointers.

If you have a thin face and small features, don't select a long hair-do that's loose and sloppy at temples and ends. It will overpower your features. And steer away from glasses that are too large, too ornate, and angled at the top. Victor Vito suggests, instead, these three face-widening tricks: pull hair back at sides in horizontal lines; try combing it smooth and flat at top of head, with center part; choose flat-top glasses, wide at temples.

Straight-across-the-forehead bangs also have a widening effect. With a shorter hair-do, fullness at the ends—placed below the temples—is another face-filler-outer.

Is your face round? Then don't flatten the hair on top of the head, and don't wear it too close at the sides. Avoid a horizontal line on the top of your glasses, too. All these mistakes widen your face.

Hair brushed upward above the forehead naturally makes the face seem longer. Victor Vito also recommends brushing the fluffy hair ends *toward* the face at an angle, covering some of the cheekbones where the face is widest. Inconspicuous glasses, slanted up at the corners, will be flattering.

Other tricks that add length to a full face are a low, slanting part and end fullness starting well *below* the cheekbone.

See what we mean? The *right* glasses and the *right* hair-dos can do things for you!

THE END

**Top left:** This girl has chosen the wrong hair-do and glasses to widen her thin face  
**Center left:** The same girl, but so different! She's used the right face-widening tricks

**Lower left:** With shorter hair, straight-across bangs and glasses help lend width  
**Top right:** Both hair style and glasses make this girl's round face seem rounder

**Center right:** Hair brushed up over forehead and toward face gives her a new look  
**Lower right:** A low slanting part and well-placed end fullness add length to face





Our March "Prize Purchase" is a dashing double-breasted topper with a button-on, half-belt in back, and gold-button trim. The bat-wing sleeves have deep adjustable cuffs. Of all wool with a novelty pattern in white, or all-wool suede in aqua, navy, gold, and lime. About \$17. Order it from the stores listed on page 49



PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM EVANS FOTIADES  
DRAWSTRING FEED BAG BY BELMO  
WEAR RIGHT'S NAVY COTTON GLOVES  
NAVY STRAW CLOCHE BY HARRY WEISS





# "The Navy

From Easter-egging to just plain Navy way in fashions smooth as a and just the right touch of sophisti- for the subteen figure, these "Navy for Easter and right through 8 to 14. See them at the stores

Teen Charmers' short-sleeved navy taffeta dress has a neat, nautical air. The military vestee is outlined from club collar to shirred waist with a double row of white bone buttons. An embroidered organdy inset adds another crisp touch of white. It's about \$8. White cotton piqué pixie hat by Harry Weiss

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH M. BAXTER  
AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY N.R.O.T.C.

Exciting, new, polished cotton in a navy shirt-waist dress by RAR Fashions. The small collar has star-point scallops, and tiny rhinestone buttons trim the front. Two added attractions are the removable shoulder pads and a "Kee" zipper that will not catch. Yours for about \$9. Helmet cloche of navy straw cloth by Capulets



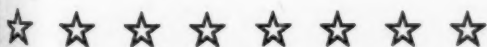
# Blues"

spring parading, you'll love to go our sailor's line—with a fresh young look cation. Designed and sized especially "Approved" navy dresses are perfect to summer. All come in subteen sizes listed on page 49 or order by mail

Greet the fleet, the faculty, or any special "audience" in Dell Tween's button-front dress of navy-and-white checked taffeta. The tie belt and Peter Pan collar are solid navy. Skirt is shirred, and the three-quarter sleeves have deep, button-trimmed, self cuffs. Priced at about \$8. Navy cloche of candy braid by Capulets

GLOVES BY WEAR RIGHT  
JEWELRY BY CORO

Picture yourself in this dreamy portrait cotton by Joseph Love. Made of sheer navy fabric with a white polka-dot pattern, it has a low, round neckline with a white organdy double yoke. The graceful, full-tiered skirt is perfect for dances, dates, or parties. About \$6. Shoes by Edgewood Division, General Shoe Co.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH M. BAXTER  
BLOUSES BY SMARTEN

# Straw-Hat Circuit

These beguiling straw bonnets were designed for a long, successful season. They'll be "star performers" in the Easter Parade and simple enough to wear all summer

- ★ Madcap's straw braided chukker shape with a flower wreath. About \$5, at Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago; B. Altman's, New York City
- ★ Cashion-brim eulet by Capulet has flower and velvet trim, tiny rhinestone-studded veil. About \$5, at Rika-Kumler, Dayton, Ohio
- ★ Cloche of rough straw by Harry Weiss has narrow brim of white pique. About \$3, at Hudson's, Detroit, Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn
- ★ Betty Ann's openwork bonnet of lacy straw has shallow crown, flower, and velvet trim. About \$4, at Jack & Jill, San Angelo, Texas
- ★ Cloche of cane straw by Greenberg-Fisch has openwork crown with velvet button and cuffed brim. About \$4, at Horne's Pittsburgh





## HOT VEGETABLES

Want to give your meals a lift? These vegetables will do the trick for you. Try them and see

Conducted by JUDITH MILLER

**V**EGETABLES ARE always with us. Eat at least two every day—*not* counting potatoes—say the food experts. And they add that one of the two should be leafy, green, or yellow. Why? Plenty of vegetables in your diet help you to have a clear, unblemished complexion, strong, white teeth, shiny hair, and pep in your step. Worth the doing, isn't it?

And vegetables, properly prepared, can be so tasty and attractive that they lend color and interest to a luncheon, dinner, or supper. The simplest way to cook most vegetables is by quick boiling in a small amount of water, and seasoning with salt, pepper, and butter. (Be sure to save any water you drain off, for use in soups, sauces, and gravies.) Or you can bake, steam, or pressure cook them. Of course, there are endless vegetable combinations. Often milk, cheese, eggs, leftover meats or fish can be combined with vegetables to make delicious one-dish meals.

Judging by the collection of recipes you sent us, we believe that many of you know some good ways of making vegetables appealing. You will surely want to add these favorites of AMERICAN GIRL readers to your collection, and spruce up your meals with them.

The Recipe Exchange for June is now open, and the subject is "Picnic Specials." Outdoor cooks, here's your chance to share the know-how of your own specialty for hikes and picnics with other girls who like to cook and eat outdoors, too. See details on page 49.

### LIMA BEANS À LA KING

A hearty one-dish meal, utilizing leftover ham. If you use dried Limas, remember they will need to be soaked overnight before cooking, and simmered slowly until tender (about 2 hours) in enough water to cover. If you prefer fresh or

frozen Limas, cook in a small amount of water, and use cooking water in place of part of the milk. Up to  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of cooking water from dried Limas may be used in this way.

1 tablespoon margarine or drippings  
2 tablespoons chopped onion  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped green pepper  
3 tablespoons flour  
2 cups milk

1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce  
2 cups cooked Lima beans, fresh or dried  
1 cup cooked ham, diced

Melt fat, add onion and pepper and cook over low heat until soft but not brown. Blend in flour. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly until thickened. Add salt and Worcestershire sauce. Stir in Lima beans and diced ham, and heat thoroughly. Serves 6.

Sent by

MARGARET NELSON, Jasper, Tennessee

### CARROT RING

Carrot rings seem to be a great favorite with our readers. You'll find this so pretty and delicious that seconds will be called for.

2 cups diced cooked carrots  
1 teaspoon minced onion  
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine

3 eggs, well beaten  
1 cup milk  
1 teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper

Combine ingredients in order given, blending well. Turn into buttered ring mold. Set mold in a shallow pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven ( $350^{\circ}$  F.) for 40 minutes. Remove from oven, let stand a few minutes, then loosen edges and invert on a hot plate. Fill the center with well-seasoned hot green beans or peas. Serves 6.

Sent by JACQUELINE CALLAHAM, Winslow, Washington

### EGGPLANT CREOLE

It's easy to change this into a one-dish meal. Just add 1 cup grated American cheese when eggplant is tender, turn into a buttered baking dish, top with buttered crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven ( $375^{\circ}$  F.) 40 minutes.

1 eggplant  
4 tablespoons butter or margarine  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  small onion, sliced

1 green pepper, chopped  
2 cups canned tomatoes  
1 teaspoon salt

Pare and cut eggplant into 1-inch cubes. Melt butter, and add sliced onion and chopped pepper. Cook over low heat until soft but not brown. Add tomatoes and salt. Cook five minutes. Add eggplant. Simmer gently until eggplant is tender and the sauce thickened. Serves 4. Sent by PATSY GLANDON, Sigourney, Iowa

### VEGETABLE PRUNE LOAF

There are many vegetable loaves and casserole dishes which feature a combination of vegetables. The prunes add an unusual and delightfully different flavor to this one.

1 cup cooked prunes, pitted  
1 cup cooked peas, sieved  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cooked green beans  
1 cup carrots, diced and cooked

1 cup soft bread crumbs  
1 egg, beaten  
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine  
1 cup milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon paprika

Chop prunes coarsely. Add all other ingredients in order named, and blend thoroughly. Pack into buttered loaf pan and bake in moderate oven ( $350^{\circ}$  F.) 40 minutes. Loosen loaf from sides of pan and turn out on warm platter. Serve plain or with cream sauce. Serves 8.

Sent by JUDITH ANN DOYLE, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin

(Continued on page 39)

# Spring Fests



**T9331**

**T9331:** The deep, V-shaped yoke and pockets give this casual for sizes 11-17 its fashion-right air. For summer, it can be made without the yoke and sleeves. In white piqué or a fine broadcloth, it would be just right for practically any informal, dress-up occasion, day or evening. In size 13 it requires 4 yards 39" material

**4819:** In all-white with eyelet trim, this would make a lovely graduation frock. Sleeveless, it's different as can be in a Bates plaid and piqué. Sizes 10-16. The all-white version, in size 12, takes  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35" material; the plaid, 3 yards, same width. You will need to get  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 35" material for the trimming

**9249:** This smart dress for sizes 10-16 is easy to make, and you can have several versions for spring. You might use a Dan River checked cotton for one; combine contrasting solid colors in another; mix checks and a solid color for a third. Size 12 will take  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 35" material, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of contrast for the yoke

Drawings by Florence Maier

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. For a handy, clip-out order blank, please turn to page 33



**T9081**

**Patterns T9331, T9081, T4611 - 30¢**  
**Patterns 4819, 9249, 4911 - 25¢**

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Wingie was busy listening to Meg being aloof and rather uncordial. "We could wait a little while for you," Meg agreed grudgingly, "but if you're not there by twelve thirty, we'll have to go ahead."

"I'll rush!" Wingie promised, put down the phone, and grabbed her gloves and bag.

Connie was tying the portfolio. "There," she said. "This handle is pretty rickety, Wingie. Be careful. So long. Good luck!"

Down in the streets, Wingie was caught by the magic of the city again. It was so alive, so colorful, so full of intermingled smells and noises, so crisscrossed with the coming and going of people and cars. And over all was the determined pulse of spring and sunshine. This was her city now, and she loved it; but it would allow no retreat, no failure. "Spunk and awareness," it seemed to hum and clang and shout.

She looked at her watch, feeling like the rabbit in "Alice in Wonderland" as she hurried along. Hastily she calculated. Ten minutes to reach Sand & Sand; then, luck being with her, twenty minutes there. That would leave just enough time to meet Meg and Tom and tall, dark, and—she found herself smiling again.

At the corner, the green light changed to red and she had to wait with impatience. Every delay meant a greater possibility of disaster. A bus rumbled to a halt and a cart, bright with flowers, plodded past. The light changed; Wingie hurried across the street, carrying with her a whiff of geranium, stable, and gasoline. A policeman held up his huge, white-gloved hand over her head. A dog barked, a newsboy shouted, someone laughed. Anything and everything could happen here, Wingie thought.

At the top of the subway steps, she heard a train pull into the station. She must catch that train. As the cars stopped, a whirl of dust and papers whizzed into her face. She clutched the railing. The portfolio banged against the wall, the handle snapped and the whole thing went careening down the steps. Wingie's heart stood still. It was stark misery to see Dad's precious designs scattered every which way. The train roared off, and thoroughly disgusted, Wingie looked at her watch. Three minutes before twelve. That put a monkey wrench in her date, all right.

It was hard not to turn around then and there and hurry off to meet Meg. But with grim determination and a heavy heart she began to rescue the drawings.

Of all things! Some of her own window-sill sketches were mixed up with the others. That careless, scatterbrained Connie!

At last another crowded train came along. Wingie was jammed and shoved, and even her long arms could barely manipulate the cumbersome, handleless portfolio. There was no fragrance of spring, no golden sunshine, no joy of living in the jolting subway.

When she reached Sand & Sand, she was completely out of kilter. Fine way to face an interview that she dreaded even in her neatest and most composed mood.

The polished eyes of the polished receptionist regarded her coolly. "Mr. Sand never sees designers after noon."

"But Mr. Sand asked especially to see these samples," Wingie protested. "I am

bringing them in for Mr. David Wingate."

"Oh, you want to see Mr. Sand, Junior. I am sorry he has someone with him now. If you will sit down over there, he ought to be free in a few minutes."

The next fifteen minutes yawned into the longest hours Wingie had ever known. Why did everything conspire to delay her? She was glad, though, that the icy young man who had been so brusque about Dad's designs was nowhere in sight.

She dusted and smoothed the somewhat rumpled drawings, placing Dad's loveliest designs on top, then sat and listened to the click of typewriters and the hum of distant sewing machines. There were bright scarves and handkerchiefs in the showcase and a pile of trade magazines on the table.

Wingie waited. Nothing happened. No one came. This was utter nonsense. If she left now, she might still catch Meg and the others before they finished lunch. She was about to pick up her portfolio.

"Miss Wingate?"

She turned quickly. The first thing she saw was a very loud but good-looking tie, and then she was looking into the brown eyes of the icy young buyer, himself.

"I'm looking for something original, new, clever. At last—at long last—I've convinced my nice Victorian uncles that scarves should go modern."

He grinned, and Wingie knew that what he had accomplished had taken a bit of doing, and that he was proud of it.

"But would you believe it," he was saying, "I can't find a design that's unique. I thought perhaps your father might have something this time."

He looked carefully at Dad's designs, holding each one up and examining it carefully. Wingie felt encouraged. Such close scrutiny was promising.

Suddenly, as she watched him, she was aware of his self-confidence, without self-importance. She realized that he wasn't icy, really. He must have been brand-new here, last time, she told herself; insecure and shy about his responsibility in his uncles' business.

"Lovely," he said, "very lovely. Fine technique. I like the use of color and space."

He came to the last one. To Wingie's surprise he closed the portfolio with all the designs inside.

"I'm sorry," he said, "they're nice. I think Howard Pace of the textile firm of Clark and Pace could use some of them. I'll set up an appointment for your father to see Pace. But I want something more alive, timely, dynamic. I'm sorry."

Wingie stood still, disappointed, angry. For this, she'd given up her own fun, missed her big chance.

Down on the street a fire engine went screaming by; all the sounds of the city seemed to swell and stifle her. Then, as she reached to pick up the portfolio, a daring idea dazzled her.

"Will you look at these, please? They aren't really scarf designs, but they're lively, timely, dynamic." She echoed his words with a little smile, and snapping open the flap of the portfolio, laid her own sketches in front of him and held her breath.

(Continued on page 29)

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**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

## Wingie's City

(Continued from page 24)

He flipped them over hastily, one by one. Then he burst out laughing. Wingie felt the blood rush to her face.

He spread the sketches in even rows on the table. Was he going to offer more insult?

"Boy, oh, boy! These are dillies, heaven-sent dillies." His voice was full of excitement. "Exactly what I have never dared dream about. I can see a whole series of them, scarves, handkerchiefs—amusing, simple, provocative. Telephone your father and ask him to come down and talk this thing over with me. Tell him—"

"Tell me," Wingie said, trying to steady her voice. "They're my sketches."

He turned and stared at her. Then he held out his hand, his brown eyes admiring. "Miss Wingate, I congratulate you. The technique is bad, the drawing cockeyed, but you've got spirit."

"Thank you," Wingie said breathlessly. How had she ever thought he was cold and disagreeable?

"You could do Harlem, the slums, Broadway, Chinatown, pushcarts, river fronts, parks, skyscrapers! I'll show you—"

He stopped, and Wingie sensed that he was suddenly embarrassed and shy.

"I mean, would you mind if I told you what I wanted? Or, perhaps we could snoop around together and find interesting new city sights?"

Wingie nodded, smiling at him. Why, he was tall—tall and dark—and what a nice warm smile!

Then he was looking at her drawings again and laughing. "They're funny," he said, "and unique. It's a great city to draw."

Connie's words came to Wingie's mind. "Someone who cares about interesting things."

She looked at her watch once again. Too late for Meg—much too late. But what of it?

A whiff of spring came through the window, a ray of sun lay on her sketches, a jazz tune came from someplace. Here was her city, not lonely any more.

Wingie giggled. Had Connie, clever Connie, slipped those sketches into Dad's portfolio on purpose, or had it been carelessness?

THE END

## Ballet . . . Yesterday and Today

(Continued from page 9)

for Taglioni would seem amusing to us, for often the dancers were suspended on wires and pulleys to make their flying entrances upon the stage. A few of the romantic ballets that were created later are still great favorites today. One of these, the famous "Pas de Quatre," was created for Taglioni and three other ballerinas in Queen Victoria's time. The Queen commanded the four most famous ballerinas of her day, Marie Taglioni, Fanny Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, and Lucille Grahn, to dance for her in London. These competitive ballerinas did not dare refuse the royal command. They danced just one performance together before the Queen—the "Pas de Quatre," or "Dance for Four"—and then the jealous beauties refused ever to appear together again.

In Victorian days, beautiful dancers were trained in America and Europe, many of them taught by French ballet masters. Some



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of these dancers formed groups and traveled as ballet companies. There was even a group of children traveling as a ballet company at this time. They were trained in Austria and were called the Viennese Children's Ballet.

NOW THAT BALLET had become so popular, almost every opera included a ballet. A law actually was passed in France saying that no opera could be given without a ballet. Some of Wagner's operas had to be rearranged to include a ballet before they could be performed in Paris.

Ballet audiences went wild over an especially beautiful performance. They stood and cheered and threw flowers on the stage. Sometimes after a performance they would carry a ballerina on their shoulders through the streets. These people were true balletomanes. There is a story told about Taglioni—that when she danced in Russia, some of her admirers bought her toshoes for a huge price, stewed them in a large pot, and then solemnly drank the broth! Whether this is true or not, the Russians were so inspired by Taglioni that the French ballet teachers at the Russian schools trained their own dancers to dance Taglioni's roles.

A group of touring Italian dancers came to Russia and astonished the Russians. They jumped higher and did more beats and turns than the Russian audience had ever seen before. The Russian dancers were tremendously impressed, but because they could not do these difficult things themselves, they claimed their own delicate French style of dancing was more beautiful. They spoke of the Italians as mere acrobats. Later, however, when the Italian ballerina, Virginia Zucchi, danced in Russia, performed her amazingly difficult steps and wore a tutu cut off to the knee, the Russian dancers changed their minds about the Italian style of dancing. They then invited the great Italian dancer, Enrico Cecchetti, to teach them the difficult and brilliant Italian style of dancing, and they cut off their own tutus even shorter than Zucchi's.

When the Russians had learned how to do the dozens of pirouettes and the extraordinary leaps of the Italian technique, they combined these stunts with their delicate French poses and dainty steps. This combination of French and Italian techniques became known as classic ballet. The Russians made a special tutu for this new style of dancing—the classic tutu. This tutu was very short so that the dancers' legs were free to execute the vigorous turns and leaps for the classic ballets which often told stories about princes and princesses.

The two famous Russian Imperial Schools of Ballet, one at St. Petersburg, the other at Moscow, were crowded with young hopefuls in spite of the very strict entrance examinations. Both were boarding schools. The children received all their ballet training and school lessons free, for these schools were supported by the Czars. The director and the head ballet masters chose the pupils carefully for appearance, health, natural grace, and feeling for music and rhythm. They were given a year's trial, and in order to remain, the strictly taught pupils had to show real progress in their dancing lessons, in art and music and dramatics, and in all their other studies.

The finest dancers in the world graduated from these Russian ballet schools between the time of Taglioni's death and the Russian revolution. One of their most brilliant stars was Anna Pavlova. People all over the world

still speak of her with reverence. This fragile beauty seemed to cast a spell of enchantment when she danced in her perfect and delicate way. But she herself was never satisfied, for even after she had reached the rank of prima ballerina she asked the great Italian maestro Enrico Cecchetti to give her private lessons.

THE GREATEST male dancer in history was Vaslav Nijinsky, also from the Imperial School and one of Pavlova's partners. His dancing was magnificent and his leaps so spectacular that the audience was spellbound. When Nijinsky was asked how one could perform such leaps, he replied, "It is quite easy—you have merely to pause a little in the air and then come down again."

Pavlova and Nijinsky and the other great dancers of their time danced the famous classic ballets. Gradually these dancers and choreographers began to change the style of ballets, because they found the movements and stories in the classic ballets so much alike that they could not express all of their ideas and feelings. Sometimes they wanted to dance a mood rather than a story—they wanted to dance with more freedom and use their arms in many more ways than the few positions used in the classic ballets. They wanted to dance barefoot or in sandals, wearing many kinds of costumes, as well as in toshoes and tutus. The ballets that these dancers and choreographers created are called modern ballets.

Ever since the Russian revolution in 1917, excellent dancers have been trained in ballet schools all over the world. Some of these may even surpass the greatest dancers in ballet history, but unfortunately there is no way to compare them. How wonderful it would be if Marie Carmargo, Marie Taglioni, Anna Pavlova, and Alicia Markova were to compete for us in the "Pas de Quatre."

Today you may find, all on the same program, one of the old romantic ballets, one of the famous classic ballets, and also a modern ballet. The dancers are trained in the classic style because it is considered to be the most perfect method of training the body for ballet.

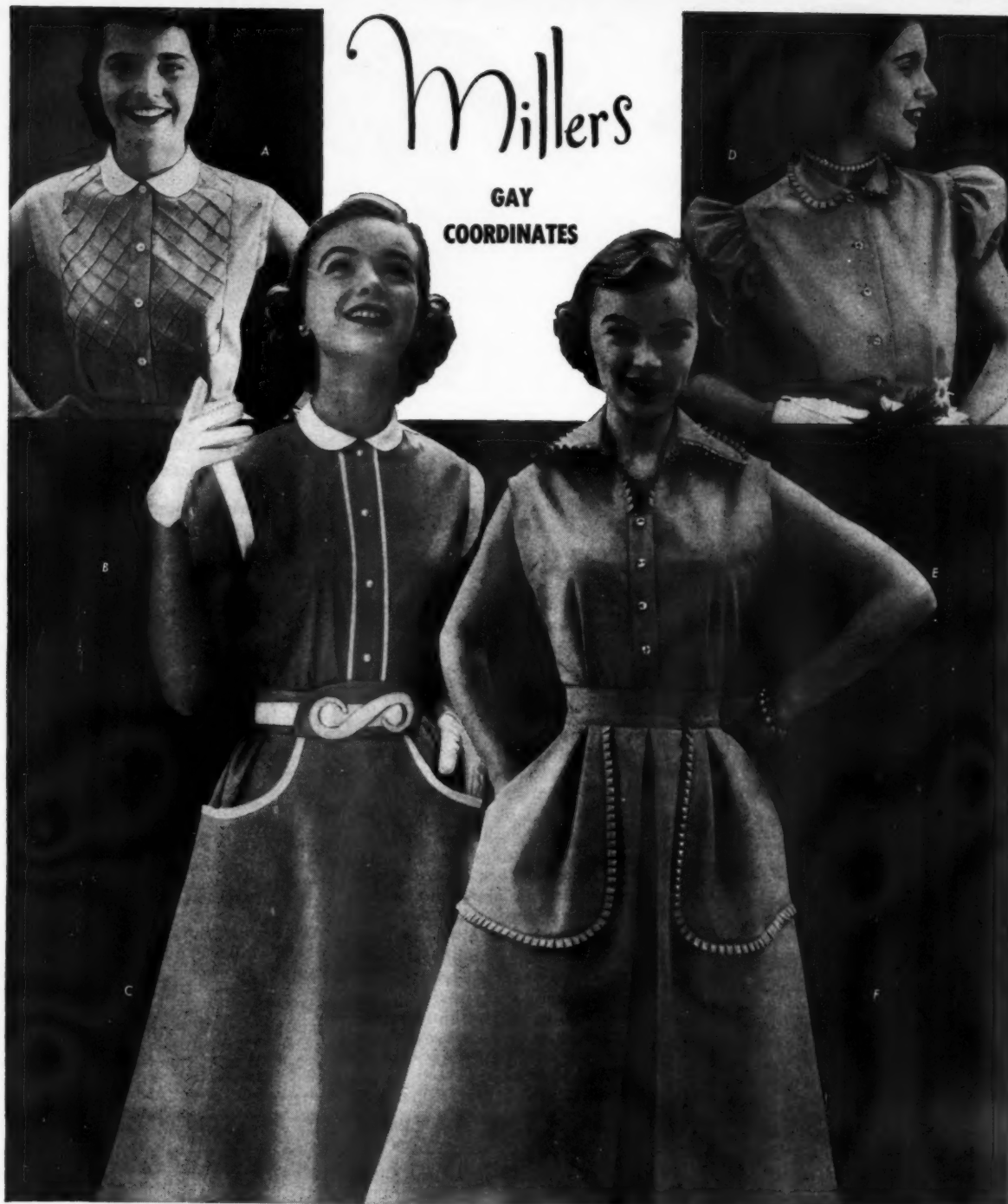
In the modern ballets of today that tell a story, the costumes and settings are sometimes of the present day—cowboys at a ranch, sailors on shore leave; or if the ballet is about people of old-fashioned days, the costumes are of that time. In modern ballets that express only a mood or a feeling, the costumes and settings are usually fanciful and are designed especially for line and color. In some of these ballets the dancers use straight movements of their arms and bodies rather than the rounded, classic ones; just as some modern painters paint pictures in straight, angular lines rather than in curved and more realistic lines.

In these four hundred years many countries and countless dancers and artists have changed and influenced the style of ballet until it has become what you see today on the stage.

Would you like to know more about ballet—about basic ballet positions, how a ballet is created, how you can practice the first steps at home? Then you will want to read the book "Ballet for Beginners," by Nancy Draper and Margaret F. Atkinson, just published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., copyright 1951 by the publisher. This article is from the book and is presented to AMERICAN GIRL readers by permission of the publisher.

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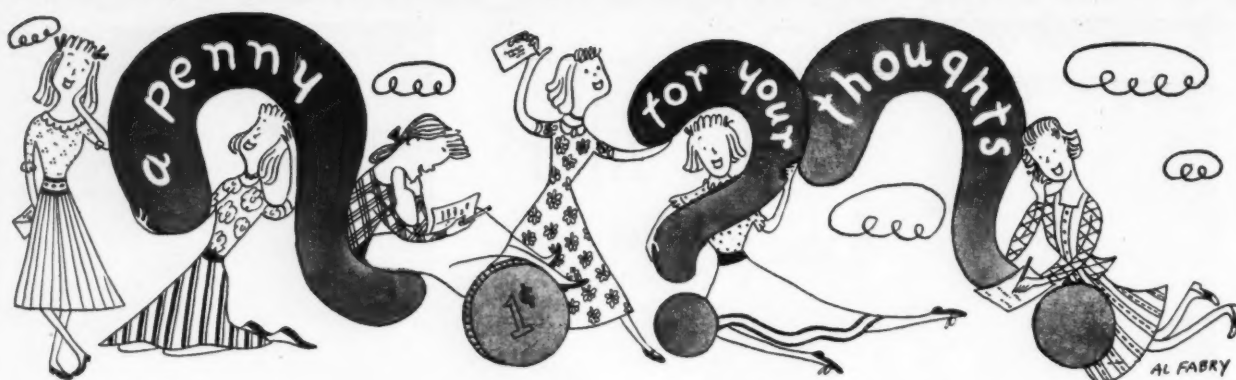
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**LOVELAND, COLORADO:** I wish to thank you for the story *Addition and Subtraction*. It was interesting to me, as I have a family of the same size. I have five younger brothers, the youngest being two. I think a big family is lots of fun, but of course they can be bothers, too.

I enjoyed your magazine covers of the Typical American Girl. The cover on the April, 1950, issue pleased me especially. Jeans are very popular here. They are worn most of the time when we aren't in school—even to parties.

MARY SIEFKEN (age 14)

**WASHINGTON, ILLINOIS:** I am a Girl Scout of Troop 7 here in Washington. I enjoy Scouting and love to read *All Over the Map*.

I agree with Wanda Bourgeois of Morganza, Louisiana, that there should be an article on basketball. It truly is my favorite sport. In your October, 1949 issue, there was an excellent story, *Terry and the Team*.

Orchids go to the *Recipe Exchange* and to Ruth Fuchs of Bellerose, New York. Her Whole-Wheat Pineapple Cake recipe was terrific.

NORMA VAN SCYOC (age 13)

**CULPEPER, VIRGINIA:** I enjoyed all the stories in the January issue. I was especially fond of *The Fan Club*.

I liked Millers' "blouse bouquet" very much. I hope more fashions that we may order will appear in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

KYLE GIBBS (age 14)

**ALBERT LEA, MINNESOTA:** I am an ardent admirer of your wonderful magazine, but I make the most use of your hair styles and ways to shampoo hair, etc. I styled my hair as shown in this magazine and my girl friends went wild. Now I am in the process of styling my girl friends' hair. They love it.

I also enjoy the continued stories, as do my brother, mother, and father.

JUDITH DAVIS (age 13)

**SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA:** I think your patterns are simply lush. *Hands on Parade* was very good. *By You* is a very good idea. I agree with Sheila Wilson about having an article on fixing up a bedroom, as my family is moving into a new house. I wish you would have more stories like *The Fan Club*.

FRANCES GIBSON (age 12)

**BROOKLYN, NEW YORK:** I thought *Stars on Skates* was very good. I also found *Hands on Parade* especially interesting, and that article has inspired me to keep my hands well groomed and lovely looking.

AUDREY KRELL (age 11)

**LYNDHURST, OHIO:** Your stories in the January issue, *The Fan Club* and *Addition and*

*Subtraction*, were exceptionally good.

Your articles on beauty and popularity are wonderful. I am not the only one in my family who likes your magazine, either. My mother enjoys it immensely.

LENORE NEFF (age 12)

**MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA:** The first thing I turned to in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* this month was the Contributors' Page. It is really tops.

ANNE RANKIN (age 13)

**DEAL, NEW JERSEY:** The *By You* pages are very entertaining. I enjoy reading the stories of other girls. I also think *Pointers on Posters* was very helpful. The same day I received *THE AMERICAN GIRL* I was going to do some posters for Dental Health Week and it proved very helpful.

IRENE MARLYN CAROSIA (age 14)

### "BE PREPARED"

We all want to achieve world peace. Building a strong United States is a great step forward toward this goal, and it is the duty of all of us to do our share in the building.

The civil defense effort is an urgent part of this great task to which we each can make an important contribution. In April, *THE AMERICAN GIRL* will begin a regular department, "Be Prepared," featuring monthly an article which, we hope, will help you to play a worthwhile and satisfying part in strengthening our country's civil defense program. Watch for it!

*Editor R. Brien* EDITOR

**EVANSTON, ILLINOIS:** Two years ago I took a trip to India with my father and mother. My father, a physician, was sent to study the condition of medical schools and hospitals in that country. In Madras I met an Indian girl about sixteen years old, and I found her very charming and fun to be with. When I got home we began corresponding, and for a Christmas present I sent her a subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. She was the one who inspired this letter, because she enjoys your magazine so very much. She thinks it is, "a wonderful magazine for the American teen-ager!" I think it is a fine magazine, too.

EMILY RHOADS (age 16)

**STILLWATER, MINNESOTA:** In the whole magazine I like *By You* best of all. It shows what

talents girls one's own age have. I like the drawings best of all. They're really good. I also like *Books* every month. It helps me pick out really good books for myself and my friends.

CAROL DAVIDSON (age 14)

**CHELMSFORD, MASSACHUSETTS:** I enjoyed *Pointers on Posters* very much because I have to make one for my school. Your patterns are simply divine.

ANNE DONOHUE (age 12)

**AUGUSTA, GEORGIA:** *Addition and Subtraction* was tops. I agree with Lorraine Warner and Mary Louise Haase that some stories on nursing would be enjoyed.

Your fashions and *Teen Shop Talk* are superb.

JERRY ANN LEE (age 12)

**MADISON, WISCONSIN:** I am so glad that you put in the feature *By You*. I thought *Thinking Day Round the World* was wonderful. I thought *The Fan Club* was extra super! Congratulations to Jon Whitcomb on his swell cover.

I am a Girl Scout of Troop 37, so I enjoy your Girl Scout news. I thought the January patterns were extra special.

Adding all of this up, I think you have a wonderful magazine!

DARLENE KRIPPS (age 11)

**PEABODY, MASSACHUSETTS:** I do not agree with Carol Harris, who said that "no fifteen-year-old girl would sacrifice a wonderful date for a dog." I think that any girl who really loved her dog would do the same thing. At least I would, and so would all my dog-owning friends.

BETSY WRIGHT (age 15)

**GREENWOOD, MISSISSIPPI:** I want to congratulate you on the new feature *By You*. It is just wonderful. Your magazine now lacks nothing. The story *The Fan Club* was very good and your serial is the best yet.

GINGER JORDAN (age 14)

**WELDON, IOWA:** I especially enjoyed the stories in the January issue.

I disagree with Carol Harris. Anyone who loves dogs as much as I do would be willing to sacrifice most anything. We have two black-and-white terriers that are as much a part of the family as I am. I would sacrifice several dates if I were in danger of losing our dogs.

RUTH PATTERSON (age 18)

Please send your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.



# INDIAN MOONS

by CRAVEN GRIFFITH



## MARCH

CROW MOON

Now in March the Crow Moon  
glows  
Melting are the winter snows  
With a rumbling crush and quiver  
Ice is breaking in the river  
March wind blusters through the  
pires  
And above the Crow Moon shines.

The American Indians used to, and in some tribes still do, identify their months by moons. Each moon was given a name and a symbol. These names and symbols were really meaningful to the Indians, because they described something about nature and the out-of-doors that was important in their lives. Names of the moons varied among the different tribes. For March, the name adopted and approved by the American Indian Association as being most nearly correct and most widely used is "Crow Moon." March was also known as "Awakening Moon," or "Warm Moon" by some tribes.

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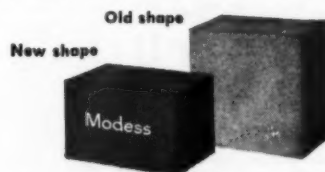
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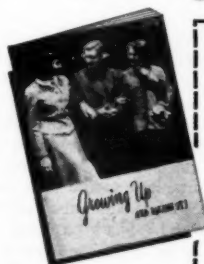
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# Don't be HALF-SAFE



by VALDA SHERMAN

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## A Girl Called Hank (Continued from page 7)

had preceded the shy girl into the locker room that day. Her parents had just been separated. Her father was Texas York, the famous orchestra leader, and her mother lived and worked in Chicago. Carol had come to live with her mother's sister. Although Hank had never thought of herself as the motherly type, she had offered to share her locker with Carol, introduced her to the girls, and invited her to try out for basketball, even coaching her in the game; and those afternoons of practice at the Baxter barn had pulled Carol out of her brooding dependency.

"Have you seen the new teacher?" Carol asked now.

Hank told her something of what Greg had said about Margaret Dorn, without adding his warning. After all, it was not her place to start any gossip about Miss Dorn.

However, Hank soon found out that Maggie Dorn would shape her own reputation without help from anyone. She was the talk of the school all that first day. The only good thing most of the students had to say about her was that she was very pretty. Once they had uttered this superficial tribute to her looks, they launched upon a series of complaints that almost made Hank gasp. Miss Dorn had brought a new kind of discipline to easy-going Brighthaven High. She began each gym class by reading a new list of rules about gym suits, getting to classes promptly, keeping gym baskets and dressing rooms neat, taking showers, and numerous other things. With one fell swoop, she wiped out the monitor system in which the girls shared responsibility with the teacher. Maggie Dorn was not one to trust others, it seemed.

Sally Ogden, the basketball manager, boiled over to Hank when they met in the hall right after Sally's gym class. "If Miss Dorn is this bad the first day," she wailed, "what will she be like once she gets to be a fixture around here! I'll bet she'll keep the detention room filled up night after night with those who break her old rules!"

Hank smiled at Sally's vehemence. "There must be something good about her," she said with the judiciousness of her Yankee and Scotch forebears. "Nobody's all bad."

"Sure," Sally agreed, "she's pretty. That's the only nice thing I can say about her. With her black hair and black eyes and that graceful way she walks, she reminds me of a beautiful, black cat watching us all as if we were a lot of helpless birds."

Hank laughed at Sally's exaggerated description. Hank was not going to be frightened by gossip. If Maggie Dorn were as strict as the girl indicated, all the more reason for Hank to keep her head and not let rumors scare her.

"Do you have gym today?" Sally asked. "No, but I will have the pleasure of meeting Miss Maggie Dorn during last-period study." The teachers at Brighthaven High were asked to take their turns in study hall during their free periods, no matter what they taught, and Miss Selleck had always had Hank's class last period on Tuesdays.

"Well, for goodness' sake, don't argue with her," Sally warned. "She's the kind of person who has to be right—one hundred per cent right—about everything."

"What's there to argue about in study hall?" Hank asked.

"You'll see. That woman could find some-

thing to argue about with an inanimate object like a basketball!"

The study hall was well filled when Hank took her seat at a table near the front and opened her history notebook. She glanced up at the tall, slender woman in a twin-sweater set and a plaid skirt. She was young enough and pretty enough to look more like a student than a teacher. A murmur of approval swept through the boys' group, and one of them at the back whistled. It was Sam Taylor, an old-time playmate of Hank's, who was known for his mischief and his wit which he was not afraid to use, even on teachers. The whole study hall held its breath as Miss Dorn asked, "Who whistled?"

Sam admitted it was he, but if the pupils were hoping for a tiff between Miss Dorn and Sam Taylor, they were to be disappointed. She squelched him with a single, piercing look from her black eyes and the admonition, "Don't do it again."

THE ROOM SOON quieted down and everyone went to work. Hank had to admire the way Miss Dorn could command respect and order in this most trying of all classroom situations, that of a new teacher taking a last-period study hall. Then the teacher announced her intention of making a seating chart and assigning them to seats.

She started along the first row with her big sheet of paper, and asked each pupil to stand up and tell his name. When she reached Hank, the girl stood up and said in a clear voice, "Hank Baxter."

Miss Dorn's eyebrows met in disapproval. "Please give me your correct name."

Hank felt herself bristle with stubbornness. "Everyone calls me Hank," she said.

Miss Dorn leaned toward her. "Miss Baxter, I am composing an official list of this class. I want your real name. Not the one your great-aunt or your cousins call you."

"I've never been known by any name but Hank Baxter," Hank insisted.

"Come up on the platform!"

Hank hesitated. She did not like this kind of attention, but she obeyed Maggie Dorn.

"Now that you have the limelight you seem to crave," Miss Dorn's voice stung. "kindly tell me your real name."

Hank turned the situation over with Yankee logic. She could not explain to Miss Dorn about her brothers and her change of name, and she knew she would be in for no end of trouble if she did not tell the truth.

She took a deep breath and answered, "My name is Henrietta Baxter."

She tried to keep her voice low, but it sounded like thunder in the big hall. Gasps and titters filled the room. Hank shivered. It was a moment she was sure she would remember with horror all her life.

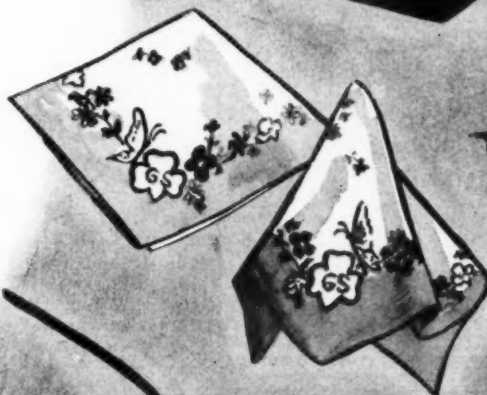
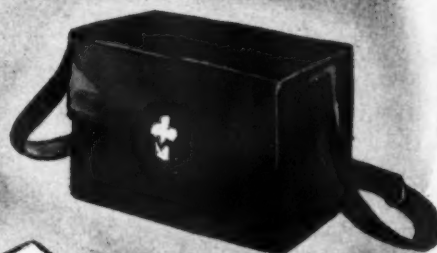
Miss Dorn's voice silenced the coughing and whispering. She addressed herself to Hank. "Henrietta Baxter, you may take three hours detention." Hank winced. Three hours was a very large detention and usually inflicted only for a major offense.

There was no laughing now. An ominous hush settled down over the students, as if they shrank from the injustice of the punishment, knowing full well that it might have happened to any one of them.

The sensation caused by Maggie Dorn's advent lasted only a few days. The students settled down and accepted her as the unchallenged boss of the classroom. So, in a



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cold, formal way, they managed to get along.

The only girl who seemed at all attracted to Miss Dorn was Francie Weller. In grade school Francie and Hank had been best friends, but with the coming of dates and boys into Francie's life, she had drifted away from Hank and almost seemed ashamed of their former chumminess. The only time they saw much of each other now was during basketball season. Francie played the game with almost as much enthusiasm as Hank. It had always been a bitter disappointment to Francie that she could not make baskets. She made up for this deficiency by training herself to be a clever guard who brought to the game a shrewdness that outwitted the strongest offensive game in the county.

At first Hank wondered what possessed Francie to hang around Maggie Dorn. To see Francie turned teacher's pet, and that teacher Maggie Dorn, was laughable. But Hank's laughter froze inside her. Francie was after something, something Maggie Dorn could give her. Hank knew how jealous Francie was of her ability to make baskets. She remembered how Francie had tried to turn the election for captain of the team into a political deal, campaigning against Hank with the slogan, "We've had enough of Baxter, haven't we?" So Hank chafed at the sight of Francie bowing and scraping before Maggie Dorn.

The first basketball practice was called for Friday afternoon. Usually, during a practice, the gym would have been so noisy you couldn't hear your own voice. Balls would have been whirling across the floor as the guards practiced passing, while the forwards shot for baskets. Today, the girls stood around in self-conscious groups.

Hank, wanting to break the ice, grabbed the nearest ball and tossed it into a basket. Then she started the guards on their warming up. She was surprised to hear Miss Dorn's voice call her name.

"Henrietta, I'm not aware that I appointed you to coach the team for me," the teacher said. "You may be captain, but I'm still the coach. Is that clear?"

The practice that afternoon was one long lesson in adjustments. It was hard for girls who had worked under the easy-going Miss Selleck to adapt themselves to Miss Dorn's rigorous methods of coaching. Once or twice, when Hank threw a hook pass from way out on the floor, she caught Maggie Dorn's eyes fastened on her in surprise, but when the teams were made up for a practice game, the coach left her out. Hank sat down on a bench to watch the game.

Never in her whole career had Hank seen such poor basketball. It wasn't just because this was their first practice, either. Most of these girls practiced in season and out at their homes. The real reason for their poor showing, she felt, was Maggie Dorn.

Carol York, who was the team's second best forward, could not make a single basket today. She was full of nerves. Jeanne Whitaker, the third varsity forward, did not do much better. A small girl, "not much bigger than a peanut," as the girls teased her, Jeanne was a brainy player like Francie. Her small, wiry frame was usually all over the court. Today her small face was so serious, she looked on the point of tears.

Hank let her eyes travel over toward the varsity guards. Trix Venturo was mad. Normally, she was the happiest of girls, but Maggie Dorn seemed to call forth all the fire of her Latin temperament. She clenched her fists every time Miss Dorn issued one of

her cool, sarcastic orders from the sidelines. Trix was having a bad spell of fouls and each time the coach called one on her, she angrily tossed the ball on the floor.

If Trix was bad, Ginny Vickers was worse. A clumsy girl, too tall and too heavy for her age, she nevertheless made an excellent guard. However, this afternoon she seemed to be sitting on the floor more often than standing up.

Francie was the only one of the girls whose playing was not adversely affected by Maggie Dorn's coaching. Hank thought she knew what was inspiring Francie. She was giving all she had to impress Miss Dorn. Hank recoiled from the idea. It seemed as if Francie were betraying the team in an effort to push herself forward.

Suddenly Miss Dorn nodded for Hank to get into the game. Hank was surprised, but she joined her teammates. She knew everyone was watching her. It was a decisive moment, like the hush before a battle. It was Maggie Dorn against Hank Baxter.

The whistle blew, and she watched the ball coming toward her. It struck her hands just as it had hundreds, thousands, of times. She felt that familiar tingle she always did when a basketball was in her hands. She forgot Maggie Dorn. She let go a chest shot that went clean through the basket. It broke the spell for the whole team. After that, they clicked as they always had. The rhythmic, fast pace of the game got under way. No fumbling now. In less than a minute both Carol and Jeanne had made baskets. The practice game seemed like old times again, before Maggie Dorn had invaded Brighthaven High.

They were brought rudely back to the present when she summoned them around her and said, "As I suspected, you are a star-centered team, trained to play around a single player. Take her out and you go to pieces. That is why I did not permit Miss Baxter to perform at first."

Carol York defended Hank. "That's not true, Miss Dorn. Hank's a swell player, but she has wonderful team spirit. She gives everyone a chance and never hogs the baskets herself."

Miss Dorn's piercing dark eyes looked from one to another. She made no reply to Carol's defense, but Hank knew that it had done her more harm than good.

HANK WAS THE last girl to finish dressing. As she crossed the parking lot of the school, she was conscious that a car was slowly keeping up with her. It was Greg Sutherland.

"Want a lift?" he asked. As she got in, he explained that he'd been working late on a school play with the dramatic club, and asked her how things went with her.

"Pretty bad," she said. "We had our first practice under Maggie Dorn's dictatorship."

"I know what you mean," he sympathized.

They drove along in silence for a while. He was watching the icy spots in the road, and she felt she had nothing to say to this boy who was interested in plays and writing and arty things so different from sports. As he turned into her driveway, he asked, "Ever got out on Saturday night, Hank?"

"Oh, now and then, with the crowd."

"I don't mean with a crowd. I mean just you and me." He twisted around. "I'm asking for a date, Hank. Tomorrow night."

She felt panicky. This was worse than having Maggie Dorn call her Henrietta. "I'm sorry. We're having a party at the barn because my brothers will be home."

She got out, but he came after her, blocking her way as she tried to run up the path to the house. "Why don't you ask me to the party, Hank?" He reached for the strings of her hood and held on to them. "Don't be stingy."

She floundered and finally managed to say, "Why—why, of course. I guess so. If you want to come."

He tied the strings of her hood into a neat bow. "Hank, I'll say this much for you; when you're not enthusiastic about something, you don't mind showing it." He laughed, and that annoyed her more than ever. "But just the same, I'll accept your invitation." (To be continued)

## Rules for BY YOU Entries

**H**AVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department? There's terrific interest in this new feature of the magazine. Hundreds of entries are flooding in, from all over the country. Do keep sending them each month—but be sure to follow the rules exactly, if you want your entry considered.

Readers under eighteen years of age may send entries. Only material never before published will be considered.

### SHORT STORIES

Any subject with appeal to teen-agers. Not over 800 words.

### POEMS

Any subject—two to twenty-five lines.

### NONFICTION

Suggested subject for July, 1951—Hobbies. Almost any type of nonfiction—description, biographical or human interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words.

### DRAWINGS

Any subject. Black and white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7". **WARNING:** Wrap carefully! Drawings that are smudged, creased, or otherwise damaged will not be considered.

### RULES

1. Entries for the July, 1951, issue must be mailed on or before April, 1, 1951. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.

2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted (for stories and nonfiction).

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

*"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."*

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Age of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts and drawings submitted become the property of The American Girl magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. The American Girl reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

### AWARDS

Awards will be made for all material published: for contributions that, in the opinion of the judges, merit top award, \$10 will be given; for all others published, an award of \$5 will be given.

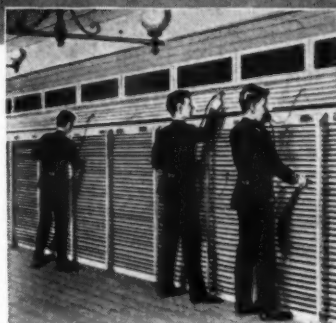
Each month we will also publish a list of those contributors whose work is worthy of Honorable Mention. No cash awards will be made for these Honorable Mentions.

Send entries to:

Contributors' Dept. Editor  
The American Girl Magazine  
30 West 48th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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## SPEAKING OF MOVIES



**LIGHTS OUT**—This is a dramatic story of the rehabilitation of a blinded war veteran. When Larry Nevins (Arthur Kennedy) leaves the hospital and returns to his home and family, he finds the problems of everyday life more difficult than he had expected. Discouraged, he goes back to the hospital for further treatment. There, with the help of the doctors and teachers, he eventually wins his battle, and plans a future which will include a girl, Judy Green (Peggy Dow). (Universal-International)

**THE REDHEAD AND THE COWBOY**—Intrigue and excitement, plots and counterplots are woven into this picture, which stars Rhonda Fleming as entertainer Candace Bronson and Glenn Ford as cowboy Gil Kyle. After the close of the Civil War, out in the part of the Southwest which is now New Mexico, Candace has become involved with outlaws, and is accused of murder. She is protected by Gil, and finally, with his help, she proves that she is innocent of the charges. (Paramount)



**BEDTIME FOR BONZO**—In this hilarious picture Bonzo, the chimpanzee, proves to be tops as a scene stealer. Professor Peter Boyd (Ronald Reagan) is raising Bonzo exactly like a human being, as an experiment in psychology. His assistant is Jane Linden (Diana Lynn) and the chimpanzee's escapades, which are many and funny, get both of them into plenty of trouble—all of which provides lots of fun for the audience. Lucille Barkley and Walter Slezak are also in the cast. (Universal-International)

**THREE GUYS NAMED MIKE**—Jane Wyman and Van Johnson are the stars in the excellent cast of this picture about the adventures and romances of an airline stewardess. On her first assignment after graduating from the school for stewardesses, Jane, as Marcy Lewis, meets the first Mike, and her troubles begin. She learns the hard way what a stewardess should and should not do, becomes involved with two more Mikes, and in the end, has to decide which is to be the only one in her life. (M-G-M)



by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



## Your Own Recipe Exchange

(Continued from page 21)

### SPINACH TIMBALES

Everyone will like spinach prepared this way. The timbales are light and fluffy, pale green in color.

- |                                   |                              |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 2 cups cooked, drained spinach    | ½ pound cream cheese         |
| 3 egg yolks, beaten               | ½ teaspoon salt              |
| 2/3 cup milk                      | ½ teaspoon pepper            |
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten |

Chop spinach fine. Set aside. Combine egg yolks, milk, butter, and cream cheese, broken up. Heat over low flame, stirring until smooth and thick. Add salt and pepper. Divide cheese sauce into two parts. Mix half of it with spinach. Fold in egg whites. Turn into buttered individual custard cups. Place cups in pan partly filled with hot water. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until firm, about 20 minutes. Turn timbales out on warm serving dish and pour remaining cheese sauce over them. Serves 6.

Sent by PATSY MORROW, Tigard, Oregon

### CABBAGE CHOP SUEY

An extremely quick vegetable chop suey, filled to the brim with vitamins and flavor. Don't make the mistake of overcooking or the desired crispness will be lost. For variety, add strips of leftover ham, canned luncheon meat or cooked chicken in place of the bacon. Serve over Chinese noodles and you have chow mein! For a complete Chinese meal, serve with rice and tea. And don't forget the soy sauce!

- |   |                              |
|---|------------------------------|
| 3 tablespoons butter, margarine, or bacon fat | 1 cup sliced green pepper    |
| 3 cups shredded raw cabbage                   | ¼ cup thinly sliced onion    |
| 1 cup thinly sliced celery                    | 1 teaspoon salt              |
|   | ½ teaspoon pepper            |
|   | Crisp bacon curls (optional) |

Melt fat in large skillet with cover. Add all vegetables. Cover and cook over low heat 5 to 6 minutes. Uncover; season with salt and pepper; continue cooking 1 minute longer. Stir gently. Serve at once. If desired, garnish with crisp bacon curls. Serves 6.

Sent by MICKIE WALKER, Stockton, California

### SWEET-POTATO CROQUETTES

Those with a sweet tooth will go for these in a big way. Try serving them with hot or cold ham, a green vegetable, and a crisp salad. Dessert? Just fruit.

- |                               |                               |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 5 medium-sized sweet potatoes | 1 teaspoon lemon juice        |
| 2 tablespoons sugar           | 6 marshmallows                |
| 2 tablespoons butter          | 2 egg whites, slightly beaten |
| 2 cups corn flakes, crushed   |                               |

Cook sweet potatoes in jackets; peel and mash. Season with sugar, butter and lemon juice. Form 6 croquettes, shaping potatoes around marshmallows. Chill 1 hour. Dip in egg whites, roll in corn flakes, and fry in deep hot fat (375° F.) until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper and serve at once. Serves 6.

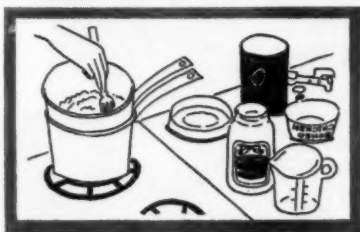
Sent by ELOISE HOLDEN, Cleveland, Ohio  
THE END

Please turn to page 49 for next month's Recipe Exchange Announcement

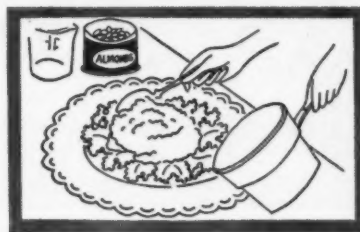


# Mom's Night Off!

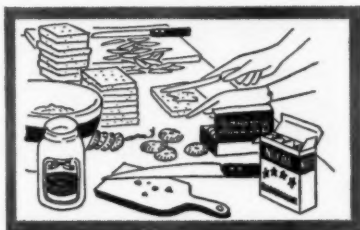
Delight her with different, delectable Pipin' Hot Chicken Salad Dinner. Wonderful frosty-weather fare...that's so easy for new cooks!



1. Heat 2 c. cooked diced chicken, 1 c. canned diced pineapple in double boiler top for 25 mins. Add ½ c. Real Mayonnaise, stir lightly with fork 5 mins.



2. Stir in ¼ c. chopped almonds; heap salad on greens. Sprinkle with ½ c. diced celery, ¼ c. chopped almonds. Serve hot. (Serves 6.) Surround with Ribbon Sandwiches:



3. Chop ¼ c. dates, ¼ c. figs, ¼ c. nuts. Add ¼ c. Real Mayonnaise. Spread on 6 slices of bread, no crusts. Top with slices spread with soft Nucoa margarine.



4. Tint 3 ozs. soft cream cheese with green food coloring, blend with 2 tbs. Real Mayonnaise. Spread on 6 more slices, place on fruit-filled sandwiches.



5. Wrap in wax paper, store in refrigerator. Just before serving, cut in thirds. (Makes 18.) Arrange around Chicken Salad.



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IN THE WEST ↑

IN THE EAST ↑

# Girl Scouts at the White House *Conference*



The four Girl Scout delegates discuss plans for the White House Conference. Left to right: Susan Brady, Nancy Rossman, Janice Lee Holm and Johann Havener

By SUSAN BRADY

**D**ID YOU KNOW that in this country: —One out of two children in large cities belongs to a family with inadequate income?

—Only the very old are sick more often than girls and boys up to fifteen years old?

—Accidents kill more boys and girls than any disease?

—Over three million children between five and seventeen were not enrolled in school last year, and two out five schools are one-room buildings?

These facts, and many others just as startling, were presented to the adults and young people attending the Midcentury White House Conference, held last December at the National Armory in Washington, D. C. It was a big meeting, with more than five thousand delegates from every part of this country, and international guests from around the world. The delegates were parents, teachers, students, doctors, nurses, religious leaders, writers, psychologists, social workers, government officials, people from almost every profession or occupation connected with children.

For teen-agers, an exciting thing about this Conference is that about five hundred of the delegates were young people from fourteen to twenty-one years of age. This was the fifth White House Conference dealing with children and youth—they've been held every ten years since 1910—but it was the first at which we young people had a chance to speak for ourselves. The Girl Scouts sent four Seniors as delegates; I was sent from New York City, Johann Havener from Washington, D. C., Janice Lee Holm from Arlington, Virginia, and Nancy Rossman from Baltimore, Maryland. There were a number of Girl Scouts from other parts of the country present, too, as delegates of State and local agencies and other national organizations.

You may wonder what a big meeting like this means to us, teen-age girls everywhere in



Washington Post Photo

Susan Brady, a Senior Scout from Woodside, New York, was the Girl Scout delegate from New York City. Here she is pictured in the auditorium of the National Armory in Washington

so actively was that we had prepared for the conference ahead of time. Many of us were members of the Advisory Council on Youth Participation, which helped to plan the Conference. We met several times, drew up questions we'd like to have presented, and outlined the ways we could take

part in the discussions. We also decided on methods of inviting, welcoming, and housing the youth delegates. One of the Senior Scouts, Janice Lee Holm, served on the Hospitality Committee.

Once at the Conference, we attended the general sessions, and were scattered in the smaller workshops and panels which discussed specific problems, sharing in the same way as the adults. At first, some of the adults felt that we would not know what we wanted, or that we could not contribute valuable ideas. But by the end of the Conference this feeling had changed. It was seen that youth can share with adults, and adults with youth, each bringing his own contribution to mutual problems. Adult and youth delegates alike recognized the advantages of having young people take part in planning and carrying out community activities. Recommendations were made, stressing the need and responsibility for providing more opportunities for young people and adults to work together.

Each of you can follow through in your own home town on these recommendations for youth participation. Your Girl Scout troop and Senior Planning Board can seek opportunities for co-operating with the adults on your Council, and with other adult groups in the community that are planning to meet youth needs. For example, if plans are being made to build a new school or community center, see what you can do about having students included in the meetings.

If your town or city already has a

America. It means a great deal. For this Conference was held to help the millions of girls and boys in this country to be healthy and happy. The delegates' first job was to take a look at conditions as they are now (that's where the facts at the beginning of this article came in), then to see what things need to be done, and to suggest ways of doing them.

Probably almost any problem you or I ever had was talked about. How can we have more and better schools, playgrounds, hospitals, houses; how we can have more and better teachers, nurses, doctors, recreation leaders; how we can have less sickness and fewer accidents; how we can learn to get along better with others—our family, friends, other adults; how we can prepare for our lifework and find a job that's right; how we can have a fair chance, no matter what our race or religion may be—these were just a few of the questions, important to us every day of our lives, that were considered.

Did teen-age delegates, you may ask, really take an active part in the discussions along with the adults, many of whom are well-known authorities and experts in their fields? The answer is an emphatic yes. We did. We had definite opinions and concrete suggestions, and we were eager and ready to express ourselves. One girl voiced our general feeling when she declared that it was useless to give young people a program "on a silver platter," that we want to have some share in planning our own.

One reason that we were able to participate

youth council, support it; if there is none, why not help organize one? The next time the P.T.A. meets, perhaps you might go along with your mother or father; Parent-Teacher-Student Associations are being formed all over the country. You can prepare yourselves for such participation by learning more about parliamentary procedures in your troop, your clubs, your student councils.

Among the other resolutions passed by the White House Conference was one recommending better vocational guidance and more counseling opportunities for students and young people already employed. If your high school does not provide such services, your student council might see if something could be done about it. Or your troop or clubs might arrange for aptitude tests and personnel interviews by getting in touch with agencies that provide these services for a modest fee.

Family life, the Conference agreed, is very important to children and young people. Those of us who were youth delegates left the Conference with a feeling that each of us had a job to do personally in understanding and getting along better with our own parents, our brothers and sisters, and other relatives. Of course, each of you can do just that kind of job in your own home. You can get guidance from many sources—your troop leader, your teachers, your church—as to how to go about it.

Several resolutions were passed suggesting additional courses in junior highs and high schools in human relations, family life, child psychology, and similar subjects. Why not discuss this at your next student council meeting?

THE CONFERENCE also acted on the question of how people of different races, nationalities, and religions can get along together better. Resolutions were passed in regard to many practices that make life difficult for millions of Americans: in the fields of housing, health services, public eating places, travel, schools, and so on. One of the Girl Scout delegates remarked at the end of the Conference, "Believe me, when I go back to school and they start making prejudiced statements, I know the answers." In doing something about prejudice and discrimination in your own community, you can work with other young people and adults who are just as anxious as you are for people of all races, nationalities, and religions to have a fair chance.

The citizens at the White House Conference, whether they were famous or unknown, felt a direct responsibility to their country's children. The most impressive thing about the Conference, to me, was the intensity of their feeling. I was astonished at their devotion to the cause of making the world a place where children can grow up into happy, mature adults. It was this spirit of selflessness that has remained with me most clearly, rather than the details of planning and operating a conference of such overwhelming size.

For me, as well as for the other youth participants, the Conference had another meaning. We were given a substantial chance to express ourselves, and to work toward fulfilling our ideals before they became tarnished from disuse. This experience had prodded us into being more alert and more conscious of the need for a better understanding of the problems of our communities and our country.

THE END

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# All Over the Map

## Headline News in Girl Scouting



Did you know that the anteater uses his bushy tail as a sunshade? Probably not, and neither did the Brownies of Troop 245, in Dayton, Ohio, until they embarked on the project of making their own private zoo. By the time the project was finished—and it became so engrossing that the four weeks originally planned for it lengthened to three months—the girls had gained a wealth of fascinating nature lore, and had a collection of animals which has been exhibited many times in their city.

To begin with, each girl chose the creature she wanted to make, and then proceeded to create it out of newspaper and paste, poster paint and shellac. The Brownies didn't rely on their imagination, but pored over books in their public library to learn the sizes, and shapes, and colors of the inmates of their zoo. All of this, plus the other fascinating information they unearthed, was written on large index cards, which became part of the exhibit. As a part of the project, the girls took a bus trip to the zoological gardens in Cincinnati, to see at first-hand the creatures with which they had come to feel very well acquainted.

Their "Goo Zoo" and the trip to Cincinnati were the crowning events of these girls' three exciting years as Brownies. And the zoo, exhibited in the Dayton public library and elsewhere, has given pleasure to hundreds of other children.

When a group of Girl Scouts from Saugus Center, Massachusetts, recently visited, in Saugus, the partially restored site of the first successful iron works in the New World, they were particularly interested, naturally, in the ancient kitchen utensils which had been unearthed on the site. In the restored home of the ironmaster they were shown many relics of Colonial days in America, such as an old Colonial Bible, and the first patent granted to an American colonist. This latter was issued to Joseph Jenks for his design of the old iron works' water wheel.

The Girl Scouts found it very exciting to learn so much about the early history of their own community, and the visit helped them to fulfill several badge requirements.

At first, it seemed like an impossible undertaking when a troop of Girl Scouts in one of our large cities decided to



Ancient spectacles weren't much help when this Brownie Scout tried to read a Bible of Colonial days. These Girl Scouts are visiting the site of the country's first iron works at Saugus, Massachusetts

spend their summer vacation last year working on the Home Gardener badge. But Troop 623, of St. Louis, Missouri, found that when you really want to do a thing, and really work at it, all things are possible.

As a first step, the girls discussed the project with their parents and troop committee. Through their co-operation, the troop was offered the use of a lot, 75 x 125 feet, for a garden. The adults paid for the plowing of the lot, and the girls voted to pay for the seeds from the troop treasury. Each girl chose the vegetable or flower she wanted to plant, and an attractive and colorful plan was worked out for the entire garden. Flowers were planted for beauty, and more than fifteen different kinds of vegetables. Each girl planted and cared for her own plot, and the parents and troop committee members lent a hand twice a week.

In the course of the summer the girls raised enough vegetables and flowers to keep all of their families, and the donor of the lot, plentifully supplied. They had lots of fun, too. One evening, after a day's work in the garden, they picked armfuls of corn and cooked it in a huge pot over an outdoor fire, and wound up the party with singing and square dancing.

In the fall the troop gave a crop show at which they exhibited the fruits of their summer's work. And, mindful that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," a dinner of vegetables from their own garden was part of the program. After the dinner, troop members were presented with their Home Gardener badges, and with Liberty Hyde Bailey medals. This latter medal, is-

sued by the National Garden Institute in honor of one of the world's greatest living horticulturists, may be presented to any Girl Scout who has met the requirements for the Home Gardener badge.

Their garden proved to be the most interesting project this troop had ever undertaken. To show other Girl Scout groups what a fine troop activity it could be, they made a film strip of some of the girls at work in the garden, to be shown at the Intermediate Leaders Club.

Dolls and more dolls—and scarcely a whole one among them—descended upon the Intermediate Girl Scouts of the Pawtucket-Blackstone Valley Council, in Rhode Island, when they offered to

dress the dolls collected by the personnel of the Pawtucket Naval Training Station in their Christmas toy drive. There were headless dolls and faceless dolls; dolls with broken arms and legs, or none at all; dolls with twisted and broken bodies. A hopeless pile of worthless junk, the girls thought at first.

Then they rose to meet the challenge. Surely, with imagination and skill, these poor toyfolk could be restored, to make some needy children happy! So "surgeons," artists, and dressmakers were called into action from Girl Scout Troops 2, 7, 10, 22, 29, 37, 40, and 60, and the Girl Scout House became a beehive of activity.

The surgeons repaired broken bodies, replaced missing heads, restored arms and legs and eyes. After the dolls were washed or dry cleaned, the artist group repainted bodies and faces, and painted on, or added, new wigs. When it was time for the dressmakers to take over, an appeal in a local newspaper brought the needed materials, trimmings, needles, and thread. A complete outfit, including lace-trimmed underwear and shoes and socks, was made for every doll, and no two were dressed alike. Baby dolls, dressed in diapers and lace-trimmed flannel nighties, were also given an outfit of grown-up clothes for a change-over. One doll was dressed as a drum majorette, complete with boots and baton!

The knowledge that many little girls were made happy with the dolls they had restored to life more than repaid the Girl Scouts for their time and effort. Indeed, they were so enthusiastic about the project that they are hoping to repeat it this year.



**Left:** Making their own private zoo proved a fascinating activity for these Brownie Scouts of Troop 245, in Dayton, Ohio. They spent three exciting months learning about, and then making, the beasts, birds, and other creatures for it

**Below:** Here are some of the remarkably lifelike animals which the Dayton Brownies made for their zoo. The careful workmanship and the excellence of the reproductions were praised by everyone who saw the zoo on exhibition



How can we dispose of the Christmas tree? That can be a troublesome community, as well as family, problem, and out in North Platte, Nebraska, the Girl Scouts have come up with what seems like an excellent solution, which might be followed by other communities.

Right after the holidays, after getting all the necessary permissions, they sponsored a Community Christmas Tree Burning in the local park. They invited the Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, and 4-H Club members to join them in gathering up hundreds of discarded Christmas trees. These were carted in donated trucks to the baseball diamond which, with a large surrounding area, had been carefully cleared of inflammable material by the fire department. A program with the theme of International Friendship was planned for the Burning, which attracted hundreds of spectators.

After group singing of "God Bless America," a Boy Scout told the audience, by means of a public-address system, that the brand he was about to light represented the North, and explained its significance; a 4-H Club girl explained the significance of her brand, which represented the South; the

East was represented by a Camp Fire Girl, and the West by a Girl Scout, each of whom told, in turn, what her brand signified. Then the four young people took their places around the huge pile of trees, and at a signal, each put a lighted brand to the pile, which almost instantly became a glorious, fragrant—and safe—bonfire. The program closed with square dancing and community singing.

The Burning, which combined fun for all the community with a really safe way to dispose of dangerous, dried-out Christmas trees,

met with such enthusiastic approval that the Girl Scouts may make it an annual event.

All Girl Scouts can be proud of their four sister Scouts who were among the twenty-five finalists in the junior division of the Pillsbury Grand National Recipe and Baking Contest for 1950. Each of these girls had won in a preliminary National Recipe Contest, and at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City they competed, with other young women from twelve to nineteen years old, for the grand prize in their division.

Barbara Maddock, a Girl Scout from Los Angeles, California, won the third prize with her Funny-Face Hamburgers baked in a blanket of dough. Barbara originated her own recipe for them when she wanted to serve extra-special hamburgers at a birthday party. In addition to the prizes previously won, Barbara received the third prize of \$1,000 in the final competition.

The other Girl Scouts whose cooking was so good that they competed in the final bake-off were Mona Benn of Linden, Pennsylvania; Kathleen Boyd of Kenosha, Wisconsin; and Pauline Kielb of Williamsett, Massachusetts.

THE END

**The Girl Scouts of Troop 623, of St. Louis, Missouri, had lots of fun and learned new skills as they worked in the large city garden where they raised a bumper crop of vegetables and flowers**



#### YOU ARE NEWS!

"All Over the Map" is strictly a department for headline news about Girl Scouts everywhere: what they are doing and how they are doing it. Other Girl Scouts—and Girl Guides, too—are just as interested in reading about your activities as you are in knowing what they are doing. So do let us have news of your community services, your fun, your special or pet projects. Send us photographs, too—glossy prints, large and clear enough to reproduce well in the magazine, showing Girl Scouts engaged in some activity. Remember, this department is especially for you, and by you, and of you!

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by MARJORIE CINTA

**Fifth Chinese Daughter.** By JADE SNOW WONG. Harper & Brothers, \$3.00. If you find life confusing and difficult at times, take heart from Jade Snow Wong who, with becoming modesty and propriety, tells in the third person this story of her life. Jade Snow was born in San Francisco's Chinatown, fifth daughter in a large family which, though Christian, was thoroughly Chinese in customs and culture. Jade Snow's descriptions of Chinese dishes will make your mouth water, and her accounts of Chinese customs of respect, obedience, and hard work will make your American teen-age eyes pop right out of your head. If you enjoy novel, foreign settings, you will revel in all the details of this small Oriental world within your own country. Before Jade Snow left her overall-factory home for school, she had learned through punishment—no one took the trouble to explain—that what was proper was right and what was improper was wrong; that daughters could never hope to hold the place of importance allotted to sons. She went to American public school by day and Chinese school at night, and studied hard and long for both, sandwiching housework, cooking, cleaning, baby-tending in between. Later she worked for a happy-go-lucky, affectionate, fun-loving American family, coming back to the rigid conventions of her Chinese home. Sensitive and intelligent above the average, it was natural she should compare the two cultures. By the time she was out of high school she was looking at life with the understanding eyes of a Chinese fifth daughter and an American college student. Completely dependent on her own earnings, she put herself through college, fighting for her own individuality and that reluctant family recognition of which she had dreamed. Quietly, with delicate flashes of humor, Miss Wong tells a highly entertaining story of struggle and achievement. Thoughtful, older girls who are beginning to search for underlying truths in everyday life, who are interested in evaluating themselves and persons and customs around them, who are concerned with what they want to be and do as individuals, will find this fascinating reading.

**Su-Mei's Golden Year.** By MAR-GUERITTE HARMON BRO. Doubleday and Company, \$2.50. And here is a Chinese heroine who finds much to learn and many adjustments to make in her own country. Su-Mei and her friend, the boy Tsai-fu, were always hungry. For a long time no one in the village had had any money or enough food to eat. The Black Devils kept destroying the wheat crop which was the main means of support. Su-Mei's crippled father, on a flying visit from the Great School of the foreigners, offered the novel theory that the Black Devils were only a blight



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which could be destroyed by modern scientific measures. But only Su-Mei and Tsai-fu had faith to try his idea. How they saved the crop and brought many good things, including a school, to the village makes a good story, flavored with all the details of Chinese family and village life. Mrs. Bro knows these people and their way of life from many years spent in China. She feels that war and famine and governments may come and go without changing people like Tsai-fu, Su-Mei, Nuan, her mother, and grandmother Ho, the indomitable old lady who became the new school's prize pupil. Mrs. Bro is the author of "Sarah," the fine story of the development of an artist, which many of you may have read last year.

**Binnie Latches On.** By MARIE McSWIGAN. E. P. Dutton and Company, \$2.50. You may think it takes Binnie a long time—214 pages—to "latch on," but some people never learn in a whole lifetime the lesson of humility she begins to understand in this book. Binnie is a middle child in a family of four youngsters. Her blood boils at her seeming unimportance to her family and friends. As is the case with most of us, Binnie is the most important thing in the universe to herself, and she finds it hard to understand why the world in general, and her family in particular, do not agree with her. Her sisters and brother, friends and cousins all seem to have gratifyingly distinctive characteristics or talents. Try as hard as she can, Binnie remains undistinguished, like the last "dumb" Dutch girl in the nursery picture. Binnie achieves her fame and at the same time, paradoxically enough, learns her lesson of humbleness through publishing a neighborhood newspaper. Along with Binnie, the reader learns a great deal about the fascinating business of publishing.

**Italian Roundabout.** By AGNES ROTHERY. Dodd, Mead and Company, \$2.75. If you have known Agnes Rothery's other "Roundabout" books, you know that reading them is like visiting the countries she writes about. So, if you like, right in your own big armchair or before your living-room fire, you may exchange the blustery winds of March for the sunny skies of Italy via this book. With a skillful blending of ancient and modern history, geography, and present-day life, the author describes in lively conversational style what you would see, and do, and learn, if you were really traveling from Naples in the south, where your boat would probably dock, to the Italian Alps or Dolomites in the north. You see the Italian people going about their daily lives; learn what their homes are like; find your mouth watering over their tasty dishes; visit the Boys' Republics, much like Father Flanagan's Boys' Town. You enjoy colorful fiestas and processions, the unique and famous horse race in Siena, and a thousand-mile, cross-country automobile race. Of course you go to the Blue Grotto of Capri, visit Vesuvius and the buried city of Pompeii. You come to know the art treasures and the varying characteristics of Italy's famous cities—Naples, Rome, Florence, Bologna, Venice. You learn about Italy's famous men—Caesar, Columbus, Dante, Michelangelo, Raphael, da Vinci, St. Francis, and others. The book stresses strongly the colorful pageant of 2700 years of Italian history, and the debt we all owe to the great men of Italy.

THE END

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## Coat of Controversy

(Continued from page 11)

Just before supper on the Saturday that Mrs. Thornton broke up Father's morning, I was up in my room memorizing the text for Sunday school. A minister's daughter has many heavy responsibilities and knowing the Sunday-school text is one of them. No one else in the class ever does, so I have to crash through for the honor of the family. I had just finished coping with it when I heard the telephone ring and Father came out of his study to answer it. From the tone of his muffled words I knew that something was up, so I took a quick slide down the bannisters to see and hear all. Father had just hung up when I hit the newel, but I caught a glimpse of his face and it was ravaged with worry. He headed for the kitchen where Mother was, and I pelted after him so as not to miss anything.

"Sabra! Sabra!" That's Mother's name.

"What is it?" Mother sounded as cheerful as ever, but when Father got to the kitchen door with me hot on his heels, she stopped smiling. "What is it, Arthur?"

Jane was washing potatoes at the sink and looking beautiful even with a ragged apron on. She stopped washing when she saw Father, and we all stared at him with our mouths open.

"It's not a catastrophe, my dears," said Father, who saw suddenly what a sensation he was creating. "Don't look like that."

Before he could say anything more, the back door banged with a deafening crash, and we all knew Jud was coming in.

"Why the settled gloom?" Jud likes to talk that way; he gets it out of books.

Mother shook her head at him, and he knew he'd better save his humor. So we all waited for Father to spill the beans.

"Ed Mason just called," began Father. "He's a member of the finance committee, you know."

We knew all right, and we knew what was coming. You could see it in Father's face. My spirits sank to my ankles. I thought of all we'd planned to do if Father got his raise: the books he'd been checking over in the catalogs; the curtains Mother wanted for the living room; Jud's skates with the Olympic blades; and the blue bicycle in Horton's Hardware Emporium that I'd ached for so many weary months.

"What did Ed say?" Mother asked. I could see those curtains fading from her eyes. Jud bellowed, "This means good night skates!"

Father didn't seem to hear Jud, and I sent him a look that penetrated even his iron hide. Jane put her hand on Father's shoulder, because she always knows the right thing to do. You do, if you have a poetic nature, I guess. Father straightened up and looked at Mother.

"The finance committee meets Wednesday night, as you know, to make a final decision on this question of our salary. The committee must be unanimous, and Ed told me last week that the thing was as good as settled. Now it appears that Mrs. Thornton has suddenly changed her mind. She just telephoned Ed."

For once everyone in the family was absolutely quiet for one whole minute. I could see that Mother and Jane were bolstering themselves with a spirit of Christian resignation, because they gave each other sort of

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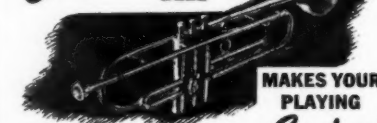
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sad, grown-up smiles. Of course Jud couldn't see beyond those skates, and I don't believe in resignation, except as a last resort. So I asked, "Why?"

Father looked puzzled. "I couldn't understand Ed entirely. Mrs. Thornton seemed concerned about you, Libba, and a mink coat. His reasons rather escaped me."

I didn't wait to hear any more. I just faded backward out of the kitchen and dragged myself up to my room. I could see it all. Mrs. Thornton really thought that mangy, moth-eaten rag was mink. She's so shortsighted that in our dark front hall she couldn't have seen whether I had on mink or sackcloth. If she really thought it was mink, she was bound to feel that the Marling family was spending its money unwisely and didn't deserve any more.

That evening I passed some of the darkest moments of my life. Father wasn't going to get his raise, and it was all my fault. I did some very harrowing soul searching before I went to bed, and it all led to the same uncomfortable conclusion. I would have to go to Mrs. Thornton and explain all. It had to be done, and it was an ordeal that I must face alone without telling the family.

ON SUNDAY afternoon at three o'clock, when I knew Mrs. Thornton would be finished with her Sunday dinner and as good-humored as she was ever likely to be, I took that moth-ridden coat out of the chest again, wrapped it in brown paper, and slipped out the back door. Mrs. Thornton lives two streets away in a big, yellow-brick house with two ugly green jars that look like umbrella stands on the front steps. The house has its shades pulled down most of the way, which gives it a stand-offish, cold look, exactly like Mrs. Thornton.

I didn't let myself hesitate. I went right up the steps and punched the bell. I could hear it tingling way inside the house; then the tiptoeing steps of Bernice, Mrs. Thornton's maid, a thin, scared-looking woman who jumps every time Mrs. Thornton speaks.

Bernice peeked out at me and, when she saw who it was, looked more frightened than ever.

"I must see Mrs. Thornton," I said firmly. I guess I was more loud than firm, because Mrs. Thornton called from the living room.

"Who is it, Bernice? Don't stand there. Tell me who it is."

Bernice backed away and I came boldly into the hall. I'd been in the house before, so I turned right into the living room. It's a big, gloomy room, packed with chairs, small tables, whatnots, and little rugs on top of the carpet. I plowed across the room, winding my way around tables and chairs until I stood in front of Mrs. Thornton. She was sitting in a plush chair by a window, with a table beside her practically laden with candy and nut dishes. There was a book open in her lap, but I could tell she'd just waked up.

"Well? Well?" The last "well" really boomed out. I knew she was annoyed at being waked up, but my relations with her couldn't be worse, so I plunged.

"Mrs. Thornton, I've come to make an explanation to you and—an apology."

Mrs. Thornton's nose twitched with pleasure. She's the kind of person who loves to be apologized to. "Yes. What in the world are you carrying in that untidy bundle?" She pointed to my package.

This was my opening and I headed into it with unerring skill. "It's about the mink

coat," I began, and knew I'd made the wrong move, because Mrs. Thornton gave a snort. "At least, it's not mink at all. I don't know why I said that, except I always say things I don't mean when I shouldn't. I do apologize for that."

I was getting desperate because Mrs. Thornton's face was really forbidding now. But I hurried on, "It's really nothing but cat fur, I guess. Someone gave it to Mother, but I can't imagine who, because no one with charitable intentions could have thought she could wear it, not even if she was freezing to death. Why, it's—" I stopped, searching for a really descriptive adjective. I stared around the room, and on a near-by whatnot my eyes lit on a photograph of Mrs. Thornton taken in her first youth. She wasn't much better-looking then, only thinner and not quite so screwed up as to features. In the picture she was wearing a fantastic feathered hat and was buttoned up to the chin in furs. I stared blankly at the photograph, seeking inspiration.

"Well?" The word zoomed past my ears and startled me so that I dropped the package right at Mrs. Thornton's feet. Of course it burst open, and the coat lay exposed in all its tattered glory. It looked almost alive, like an old flea-bitten dog crouching there.

Mrs. Thornton gave a little shriek and pulled in her feet. Then I knew I couldn't have found a better way to display the utter dissimilarity between that furry rag and a mink coat.

"You see?" I asked unwisely.

Mrs. Thornton saw, all right, and she saw something else, too. Three or four moths had risen from the coat and were fluttering off to find new homes among Mrs. Thornton's possessions.

"Catch them!" Mrs. Thornton jumped up and made a frantic grab for a passing moth.

"Don't let them get away. Bernice!"

I joined in the chase and made a diving tackle for a moth that was looking for a hide-out under the whatnot. I tripped over a table leg and landed like a felled ox right against the whatnot. The next thing I knew there was a thundering crash, and something hard and heavy bounced off my head with a splintering of glass. There I was, buried beneath the full weight of the overturned whatnot.

For a while I just wanted to lie there and die. I could hear Mrs. Thornton bellowing and Bernice's thin, trembling voice. Out of the corner of one eye I could see what remained of the picture of Mrs. Thornton lying on the rug. Even in the torn photograph she looked angry. Fortunately I was able to ooze out from under the whatnot by myself, because neither Mrs. Thornton nor Bernice seemed to care whether I was crushed to death or not. They were leaping around the room after the moths, bumping into things and getting into each other's way. Mrs. Thornton was issuing orders like a general on a battlefield.

"There! Get him! Not there, idiot. Under the sofa. Don't argue!"

I picked up what remained of the photograph and stood there dumbfounded. Mrs. Thornton caught sight of me and began shouting again. "Bernice, get that coat out of here! Take the fire tongs. Hurry!"

Bernice grabbed the tongs and advanced on the coat. As she began prodding at it, she gave a cry. "Why, Mrs. Thornton, it's—"

But Mrs. Thornton drowned her out. "Get it out, I say. Instantly!"

Bernice got a grip on the coat and lugged



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it out of the room. I knew it was time for me to fade, and I tried to get out of the room behind Bernice without being noticed. But Mrs. Thornton lunged at me.

"Where are you going with that photograph?" She snatched it out of my hands. I'd forgotten I was holding it and started to explain and apologize all at once.

But Mrs. Thornton wasn't listening. She was past speech; all she could do was glare, and I got the point. I was out of the house in a matter of seconds. There's no need to describe my sensations as I walked home. If Mrs. Thornton had been against the raise before, nothing that had happened in the last hour was likely to make her change her mind. I had cooked the family goose to a crisp, and black despair settled over me.

By Wednesday evening, time had faded the despair to a dull gray, but I was still a miserable facsimile of my usual gay self. I hadn't told the family anything about the coat; I hadn't the moral courage. That evening we all collected in the living room as though waiting for bad news. Father was the only one who looked calm; he was reading a Greek testament which must have had a soothing effect. Jane was writing at the desk and sighing, so I knew she was struggling with a poem. Mother was trying to knit and dropping stitches like rain. Jud was drumming his heels against the table leg. As for me, I was trying to master an algebra problem and getting nowhere.

Suddenly the telephone rang like a clap of thunder, and we all stiffened to attention. You could have heard a pin drop in the room as Father went out into the hall to answer it. We all listened with our ears bristling. Father's words hit us like an electric shock. "Why, that's fine, Ed! It's very good news. I don't need to tell you how grateful—"

Once again I did my vanishing act, but this time for a different reason. I was crying like a baby. The committee had passed on the raise and I was crying. I could hear Jud's whoop of glee as I raced up the stairs, and Mother and Jane talking in glad, relieved voices to Father.

When you cry for joy it doesn't last long. I sat up on my bed where I had hurled myself and began to think. My brain buzzed over the one question that nagged at me. What had made Mrs. Thornton change her mind again? I knew my Sunday visit hadn't done it. With inward shudders I reviewed the wrecked room, the fluttering moths, and Mrs. Thornton's angry face. I even remembered the torn photograph.

Suddenly something in my head clicked like a snap of the fingers. The photograph grew clearer in my mind. The coat Mrs. Thornton had worn in the picture was the same mangy relic that had been sent to Mother. The buttons and the nipped-in waist were unmistakable.

I didn't have to do much thinking after that. Mrs. Thornton had sent that coat to Mother, and she had been ashamed to put her name on the package. That was what Bernice had almost given away. She had recognized the coat and I suppose Mrs. Thornton had too, or she wouldn't have shut Bernice up the way she did.

I guess a little honest shame is good for people, even people like Mrs. Thornton. Anyway it must have made her vote for Father's raise. I don't really care too much about her reasons. All I know is that I can walk by Horton's Hardware Emporium now without feeling utterly hopeless. THE END

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The AMERICAN GIRL INDEX for the past year will be printed separately and a limited number will be available on request. The index will be classified as usual, under the program fields of Girl Scouting. If you'd like to have a copy of the index, please address your request to The American Girl, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York, and enclose a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope.

## THIS MONTH'S COVER GIRL

Karin Sandewald, our March cover girl, is a very versatile young lady. As you might guess from the name, her family is Swedish, and Karin speaks the language fluently. She is also a fine ice skater and holds several swimming awards. Only fourteen now, she has been modeling after school for six years. Karin is wearing Petiteen's dress of cotton broadcloth trimmed with embroidered organdy in a sunburst effect at the yoke, pocket, and brief puffed sleeves. Navy or pastels in subteen sizes 8-14, about \$9 at the stores listed below.

STRAW CLOCHE BY ENGLANDER  
COTTON SHORT GLOVES BY WEAR RIGHT  
MINT ROSE—NEW FLAVORED LIPSTICK BY  
HARRIET HUBBARD AYER



## WHERE TO BUY AMERICAN GIRL FASHIONS

The COVER GIRL DRESS and the dresses shown on pages 18 and 19 may be purchased at these stores

Atlantic City, N. J. .... M. E. Blatt  
Austin, Tex. .... Yaring's  
Baltimore, Md. .... Hochschild, Kohn  
Belmont, Mass. .... Filene's  
Boston, Mass. .... Filene's  
Brooklyn, N. Y. .... Abraham & Straus  
Canton, O. .... The Halle Bros. Co.  
Chestnut Hills, Mass. .... Filene's  
Chicago, Ill. .... Carson, Pirie Scott  
Cincinnati, O. .... Shillito's  
Cleveland, O. .... The Halle Bros. Co.  
Dayton, O. .... Rike-Kumler  
Denver, Colo. .... The May Co.  
Detroit, Mich. .... Hudson's  
Erie, Pa. .... The Halle Bros. Co.  
Greenville, Miss. .... The Fair  
Harrisburg, Pa. .... Pomeroy's  
Hartford, Conn. .... G. Fox  
Lewiston, Me. .... B. Peck  
Lewistown, Pa. .... Dank's  
Los Angeles, Calif. .... Bullock's  
Montgomery, Ala. .... Montgomery Fair  
Muncie, Ind. .... Ball Stores  
New York, N. Y. .... B. Altman  
Newark, N. J. .... Bamberger's

Passaic, N. J. .... Nadler's  
Philadelphia, Pa. .... Strawbridge & Clothier  
Portland, Ore. .... Meier & Frank  
Portsmouth, Va. .... Sears, Betty & Bob  
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. .... Luckey Platt  
Richmond, Va. .... Thalheimer's  
Rochester, N. Y. .... B. Forman  
St. Louis, Mo. .... Famous-Barr  
Seattle, Wash. .... Frederick & Nelson  
Sioux City, Ia. .... Younker Davidson's  
Springfield, Ill. .... Myers Bros.  
Springfield, Mass. .... A. Steiger  
Stamford, Conn. .... C. O. Miller Co.  
Troy, N. Y. .... Wm. H. Frear  
Washington, D. C. .... Woodward & Lothrop  
Wellesley, Mass. .... Filene's  
Winchester, Mass. .... Filene's

The PRIZE PURCHASE DRESS on page 17 may be purchased at these stores

Brooklyn, N. Y. .... Abraham & Straus  
Cleveland, O. .... The Halle Bros. Co.  
Columbus, O. .... F. & R. Lazarus  
Cumberland, Md. .... Rosenbaum Bros.  
Denver, Colo. .... Denver Dry Goods  
Minneapolis, Minn. .... The Baker Co.  
New York, N. Y. .... B. Altman  
Philadelphia, Pa. .... Strawbridge & Clothier  
Portland, Ore. .... Meier & Frank  
St. Louis, Mo. .... Stix, Baer & Fuller  
Seattle, Wash. .... Frederick & Nelson  
Washington, D. C. .... Woodward & Lothrop

## June Recipe Exchange

Subject: PICNIC SPECIALS

Date Due: MARCH 20

- The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the June issue must reach us by March 20.
- Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe MUST be one that you have used successfully.
- JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed, The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

### FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper.

2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.

3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.

4. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.

5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, American Girl Magazine, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York.



I Make  
**BIG  
MONEY**

with **FRIENDSHIP  
GREETING CARDS**  
*Why Don't You?*

Yes—you, too, can earn quick money showing Friendship Greeting Card Assortments to friends in spare time. You'll be AMAZED how easily Friendship cards sell . . . how much pleasure you get gathering all those extra dollars on your friendly social calls!

### It's So Easy to Earn

Offer new All-Occasion Assortments for Birthdays, Anniversaries, other events. Big value box of 21 gorgeous cards for just \$1.00 . . . with up to 50¢ profit for you! Also DeLuxe, 25-card \$1 Super Value, Metallics, Humorous, and many more—all so unusual and beautiful, people snap them up on sight. They bring you still more extra dollars!

I've Heard About  
**FRIENDSHIP  
VALUES...**  
Can I Sell Without  
Previous  
Experience?

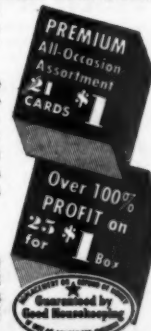


Yes! People who have never sold before now make wonderful money showing Friendship Greeting Cards . . . taking orders . . . collecting profits. Friendship All-Occasion Assortments are so appealingly beautiful—offer so much for the money—they practically sell themselves.

The Friendship line also includes popular Name-Imprinted Stationery, Napkins, Scented Scripts to boost your earnings. Extra Cash Bonus means even more money for you! Plan for organizations, too.

### SEND NO MONEY

Coupon brings you sample Assortments on approval and Imprinted samples FREE. Send for them now!



### Mail Coupon for Free Samples

#### FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS

448 Adams St., Elmira, New York

Rush full money-making facts and generous samples, on approval, of All-Occasion Assortments and Name Imprinted Samples FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

## YOU NEED THESE! ALL FOR 10¢



To introduce our EXCEPTIONAL Approval Service, we'll send you: 1. Pocket Stock Book, 2. Watermark Detector, 3. Stamp Tongs, 4. Perforation Gauge, 5. Book for Duplicates, 6. Package of Stamp Hinges. ALL ONLY 10¢ to approval applicants! JAMESTOWN STAMP CO., Dept. V, Jamestown, New York

## 500 STAMPS FOR ONLY 10¢

THIS MAMMOTH VALUE INCLUDES STAMPS WORTH UP TO 25¢! ALSO APPROVALS. WRITE TODAY!

MYSTIC STAMP CO., Camden 70, New York

## 307 ALL DIFFERENT 15¢

A beautiful collection of commemoratives, triangles, high values, bi-colored stamps, etc. Only 15¢.

GARCELON STAMP CO., Box 407, Calais, Maine

## 50 DIFF. A-Z COUNTRIES 3¢

Abyssinia—Zanzibar

to approval applicants.

MOHAWK STAMP CO., Box 1410, West Springfield, Mass

## GIVEN! Powerful Magnifying Glass

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also big bargain lists.

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**GIVEN!** Foreign Coin, Banknote and large illustrated coin list GIVEN to approval service applicants for 5¢ postage. BARGAINS: 3 Indianhead cents 10¢; Wooden nickel, 10¢; Chinese Dollar, 53¢.

TATHAM COIN CO., 18 SPRINGFIELD, MASS

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Tells at a glance the country to which any stamp belongs. 32 pages illustrated. Includes valuable "Stamp Collector's Dictionary," Stamp Treasures and World's Ten Rarest Stamps. Also Approvals. GARCELON STAMP CO., Box 1107, Calais, Me.

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**TOPS!** Our Book "How to Collect Stamps" GIVEN. Send for your copy today! LITTLETON STAMP CO., Box 229 Littleton, New Hampshire

**WOW!** 203 All Different GERMANYS, Zeppelins, Semis, Airmails, High Values, etc., to new customers. Jamestown Stamp Co., Dept. 522, Jamestown, N.Y.

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT:** 25 different British, West Indies stamps are yours for the asking. Beautiful pictorials, 19th and 20th century, including free monthly magazine. Send only 5¢ for postage. EMPIRE STAMP CO., Dept. AG, Toronto 5, Canada

**HOW to Recognize Rare Stamps** GIVEN—Book containing nearly 200 illustrations PLUS information that every collector should have!

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**STAMP COLLECTION GIVEN!** More than 100 diff. fascinating, intriguing stamps from Europe, Africa, So. America, Scandinavia, Balkans, Asia, etc., used stamps and unused stamps, you will be thrilled! All given to approval service applicants sending 5¢ postage. TATHAM STAMP CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS

**CATALOG GIVEN!** Beautifully illustrated! United States Stamps, Bargains in Pockets, Albums & Supplies. Information for Beginners. HARRIS & CO., 101 Transit Bldg., BOSTON, MASS.

GIVEN. Scott's International Stamp Album, plus valuable color collection, hinges, mystery sets, \$5.00 Presidential. Full particulars to approval applicants. RAYMAX, 123-G William St., NYC 38

210 all different, 10 cents, includes Union South Africa, both 2c purple Royal Family Netherlands, Germany, Canada, Philippines, etc. Approvals. H. E. Codwise, Box 5, Melrose Highlands, Mass.

**What Are "Approvals"?** "Approvals," or "approval sheets," means sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of "Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly and in good condition, or paid for. The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received enclosing the price of the stamps on his detached and, most important, his name, street, address, city, postal zone number, state, and the invoice number.



by MIMA JEAN SPENCER

### PRACTICALLY PERFECT!

**After My Laughter Came Tears**—Nocturnes (MGM)  
**Circus Days**—Harry James (Columbia)  
**High on the List**—Russ Case (MGM)  
**If—Dean Martin** (Capitol)  
**It's Raining Sundrops**—Ralph Flanagan (Victor)  
**Just for Tonight**—Vic Damone (Mercury)  
**My Heart Cries For You**—Vic Damone (Mercury)  
**Nobody's Chasing Me**—Dinah Shore (Victor)  
**Roses of Picardy**—George Shearing (MGM)  
**Sea of the Moon**—Macklin Morrow (MGM)  
**Tambourine**—Richard Hayes (Mercury)  
**Use Your Imagination**—Vaughn Monroe (Victor)  
**Velvet Lips**—Jan Garber (Capitol)  
**Wait For Me**—Gordon MacRae (Capitol)  
**You Don't Remind Me**—Jo Stafford (Columbia)

CAN YOU IMAGINE a band with Harry James and Ziggy Elman as trumpeters, Gene Krupa on the drums, Count Basie playing the piano, and the rest of the band made up of talent like Lionel Hampton and Teddy Wilson? This was the group in the Benny Goodman jazz band in 1938 when jazz was THE music and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" (good recording by Kostelanetz for Columbia) was still tops on the hit parade! Their music was so good that Carnegie Hall opened its doors to them, and the Benny Goodman jazz band took their conservative audience by storm. The records of this event were recently found by Mr. Goodman, and Columbia's long-playing album reproduces the program almost completely, including such old favorites as "One O'Clock Jump," "Jam Session," and "Body and Soul."

If you've always shied away from symphonies because of their length, listen to Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony." This twelve-minute take-off on the Mozart symphonic style is complete with the melodic sonata form and lively gavotte dance step of the 18th century, but the modern realist Prokofiev is mocking and witty even as he copies the great master. Koussevitzky conducts the Boston Symphony in a Victor "45" album that is excellent.

ONE OF THE loveliest of the operettas is Sigmund Romberg's "The Student Prince." This musical drama is the story of Karl Franz, a young crown prince who goes to the intellectual center of his world, Heidelberg, to get his education. There, he falls in love with Kathy, a waitress, and the lovers furnish the reason for two of Romberg's most famous love songs: "Deep in My Heart, Dear" and "Serenade." All too soon, however, the carefree life of a student must be exchanged for the cares of a monarch, because Karl Franz' grandfather, then king, was dying and the young man must become ruler in his stead. Sadly, he and his tutor

prepare to leave Heidelberg knowing all too well as they sing their farewells that the "Golden Days of Youth and Spring" will not return again. Karl Franz must marry the betrothed princess who has been brought up to be his queen, and Kathy realizes that she must give him up or cause great trouble in his kingdom. The lovers part, and Karl Franz returns to rule his people with the lovely Princess Margaret.

Like all Romberg's music, the songs are romantic and nostalgic, with the exception of the rousing drinking song, and both story and score of "The Student Prince" are the key to a romantic adventure of the past. Rise Stevens and Nelson Eddy sing the most popular songs from the operetta in a Columbia album.

Music is truly an international language since it can be understood and appreciated by composers, musicians, and audiences in any country. From the lively folk dances of the Slavic countries to the strange melodic discords of the Far East, music expresses the feelings and the culture of the people who create and enjoy it.

The United States has only in the last fifty years begun to take her place in the musical world. Such composers as George Gershwin, Richard Rodgers, and Aaron Copland have recorded the American scene with significant works like "Porgy and Bess" (Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra on Columbia), the mood-provoking story of "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" (Les Brown on Columbia), and the ballet "Billy the Kid," which is a saga of the wild and woolly West (Leonard Bernstein on Victor). Neither can we forget the lovely ballads produced by Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, and Irving Berlin, such as "Why Do I Love You?" "Night and Day," and "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody."

Musicals are an important part of the music being composed in America today, just as the opera was in the Europe of yesteryear. Kern's "Showboat," Rodgers' "Oklahoma!" and the more recent "South Pacific" have all produced smash song hits and music to be remembered. Showmen, theatergoers, and juke-box returns testify to the popularity of songs featured in today's musicals. To most of the nation these scores are the music best-known and loved. However, operas, ballets, semiclassical and classical numbers have by no means been replaced by this relatively new kind of music, for whether it is concert or musical comedy, Americans love music and have at last realized its importance as an expression of their way of life. Let music be a part of your life, too, and learn to recognize and enjoy the music America loves.

This is your column and your comments are always welcome. Please send us whatever suggestions you may have—other kinds of music you'd like included; what you'd like more or less of; or any other musical ideas.



# Girls!

## EARN MONEY

with Exciting New  
Everyday Greeting Cards

IT'S EASY—**MAKE \$50<sup>00</sup> - \$100<sup>00</sup>** AND MORE IN  
IT'S FUN TO **YOUR SPARE TIME**

It's a wonderful thrill to make extra money of your very own! It's easy—and you'll love every minute of it. Just show friends, neighbors and other folks you know, gorgeous nationally advertised Wallace Brown Everyday Cards. Make friendly visits, show samples—and take easy orders with **BIG CASH PROFITS** for you. Thousands of girls earn money this easy way. So can you!

Rush the coupon below NOW for actual samples on approval—along with complete details on how you can start out at once making extra spare time cash—and keep on earning money all year 'round.



Here is a small part of the Wallace Brown line which contains many easy-selling low priced Greeting Card Assortments PLUS Gift Wrappings, Stationery, Personal Notes and Gift Items!

Mail Coupon  
for These Two  
**SAMPLE  
ASSORTMENTS**  
Send No Money

Don't send a single penny. Just your name and address on the coupon below. We will rush actual samples to you of the two exciting new Wallace Brown Assortments at the left . . . the exciting new All-Occasion Assortment and the rollicking new Barrel-of-Fun Assortment. Both come to you on approval . . . with complete information and money making ideas. Mail the coupon NOW.

### Thrilling New "FEATURE" ALL-OCCASION ASSORTMENT

Think of it—gorgeous friendship greeting cards for Birthdays, Get Well, Sympathy, Baby-Birth, Anniversary. These heavenly cards bring orders for the asking. Saves time—and money, too. Sells at \$1.00—and you make up to 50¢ profit for yourself!

### NEW! Barrel-of-Fun Everyday Assortment

Girls—show this rollicking new Barrel-of-Fun Assortment. The designs are the gayest, happiest you've ever seen—16 of them! Cards for Birthdays, Get-Well, Anniversaries, every occasion. It sells for just \$1.00—and you make up to 50¢ profit. Folks can't resist it!

WALLACE BROWN, Inc., Dept. T-120  
233 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please rush samples on approval of new "Feature" All-Occasion Assortment and fun-packed Barrel-of-Fun Assortment—plus money making plans!

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

### BIG LINE EASY-SELLING BOX ASSORTMENTS

The Wallace Brown Everyday Line for 1951 features large variety of gorgeous Box Assortments and Gift Items to help you make big money. New, exciting Storyland Dolls and Flowers on Suede assortments, also Precious Ones, Birthday, Get-Well, Gift Wrappings, Personal Notes, Floral Stationery, many more—including sensational Imported English Floral Napkins and Children's Books. Folks usually buy several assortments and gifts. Rush coupon!

### CLUB LEADERS!

Raise money for your club treasury! Members of your group can earn welcome dollars easily—for camp expenses, equipment, supplies. Mail coupon for details.

# Girls! Join This EXTRA MONEY CLUB!



**Have Extra Cash ... Plenty of New Clothes ...  
A Television Set ... And Much More This Easy Way!**

Do you want a wardrobe chock-full of the latest fashions and finery? How about a Television Set all your own? Or a shiny bicycle? Perhaps you'd like a set of smart luggage. Sure—you *want* all this. But it takes money to buy it. So here's how to get the money you need—in your spare time!

## *Sell* Smart New ARTISTIC EVERYDAY GREETING CARDS

**They're "Tops", Girls—  
Most Beautiful Cards You've Ever Seen!**

You'll say Artistic cards are the smartest you've seen! The "Roses Are Red" Premium All-Occasion Assortment contains clever Birthday, Anniversary and other Folders with plastic and golden trims, shiny underlays and all the extra features folks want. 21 beautiful Folders—each worth 10c to 25c—for only \$1. **YOU MAKE up to 100% CASH PROFIT!** Also 25 for \$1 Super-Value, DeLuxe, new Metallics and Plastics, Gift Wraps, Personalized Stationery, Scented Scripts, Napkins, Matches, many others.

**They Sell Like a "Breeze"—Make Money All Year!**

You don't need experience. Just show Artistic Everyday Cards to your family, teachers and other folks you know. The beauty and value of these cards will bring you all the orders you want. At up to 100% profit, your spare time earnings grow—*fast!*



**MAIL  
COUPON  
FOR  
SAMPLES  
NOW!**

**ARTISTIC Cards Are Nationally Famous!**

Folks *know* and *want* Artistic Greeting Cards because of Artistic's NATIONAL ADVERTISING and reputation for top values. Make the most of this opportunity. Mail the coupon below now!

**ARTISTIC CARD CO., Inc., 552 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.**

**YES! I want to join your EXTRA MONEY CLUB and have big spare-time earnings! Rush Sample All-**

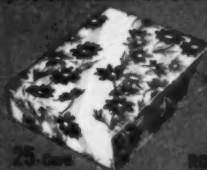
**Occasion Assortments ON APPROVAL. Also include FREE Imprint Samples.**

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....Zone.....State.....



**IT'S SO EASY TO MAKE  
THAT EXTRA MONEY YOU WANT**

*For Yourself, Your Club or Other Organization!*  
Make friendly visits, show samples. It's the easy way to earn **BIG CASH PROFITS** the year 'round.



**25-ONE  
SUPER-VALUE  
Everyday Assortment**  
\$1



**21-ONE  
ROSES ARE RED  
Everyday Assortment**  
\$1

**ROYAL BEAUTY  
Scented Stationery  
In 10-usable jewel box**  
\$1.35



*These Values Sell Themselves!*

**ARTISTIC CARD CO., Inc.**  
552 Way Street, Elmira, New York

